WELCOME TO
THE DISCWORLD
WHERE THE GODS ARE NOT SO MUCH WORSHIPPED AS BLAMED!

Imagine a flat world, sitting on the backs of four elephants, who hurtle through space on the back of a giant turtle. That's the setting for Terry Pratchett's phenomenally successful DISCWORLD series.

Follow the bizarre misadventures of Rincewind, the wizard, and Twoflower, the Discworld's first tourist. Twoflower owns 'the luggage', surely the strangest piece of baggage ever, a chest with hundreds of tiny legs that let it move on its own, magic qualities that let it eat anyone it doesn't like, yet when it's opened all you'll find is Twoflower's clean underwear!

Terry Pratchett is the world's bestselling writer of comic fantasy. This is the first ever fully-illustrated version of the original DISCWORLD novel.

Cover illustration by Dietrick Gross, Sr.

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

ISBN 0-552-13945-9
00699
UK £6.99
9 780552 139458

TERRY PRATCHETT'S
THE COLOUR OF MAGIC

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

WELCOME TO THE DISCWORLD

WHERE THE GODS ARE NOT SO MUCH WORSHIPPED AS BLAMED!

Imagine a flat world, sitting on the backs of four elephants, who hurtle through space on the back of a giant turtle. That's the setting for Terry Pratchett's phenomenally successful DISCWORLD series.

Follow the bizarre misadventures of Rincewind, the wizard, and Twoflower, the Discworld's first tourist. Twoflower owns 'the luggage', surely the strangest piece of baggage ever, a chest with hundreds of tiny legs that let it move on its own, magic qualities that let it eat anyone it doesn't like, yet when it's opened all you'll find is Twoflower's clean underwear!

Terry Pratchett is the world's bestselling writer of comic fantasy. This is the first ever fully-illustrated version of the original DISCWORLD novel.

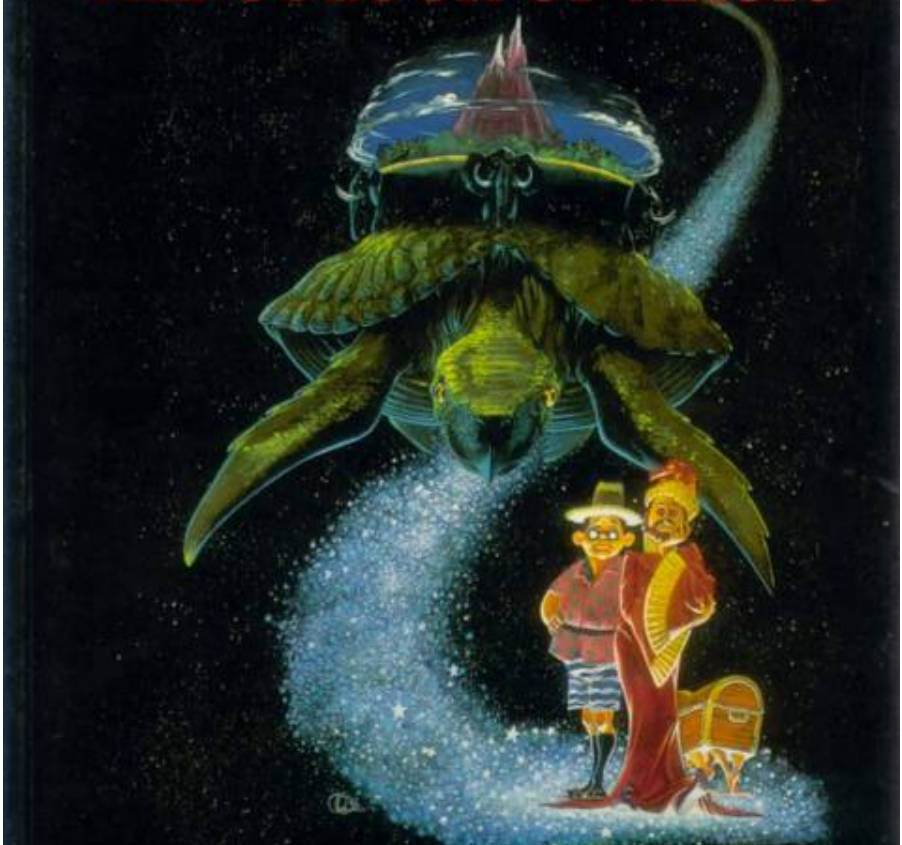
Cover illustration by Dairick Gross, Sr.

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

ISBN 0-552-13945-9
00699
UK £6.99
9 780552 139458

TERRY PRATCHETT'S

THE COLOUR OF MAGIC



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

THE COLOUR OF MAGIC
A CORGI BOOK 0 552 13945 9

An adaptation of the book originally published in Great Britain by Colin Smythe Limited. Copyright © 1983 by Terry Pratchett. This edition copyright © 1991 by Terry and Lyn Pratchett.

Adaptation originally published in four parts by the Innovative Corporation, 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003 , U.S.A.

Adaptation and art copyright © 1991 by Innovative Corporation

Special thanks to Diana Light-Okamoto of Innovation Publishing for seeing this project through

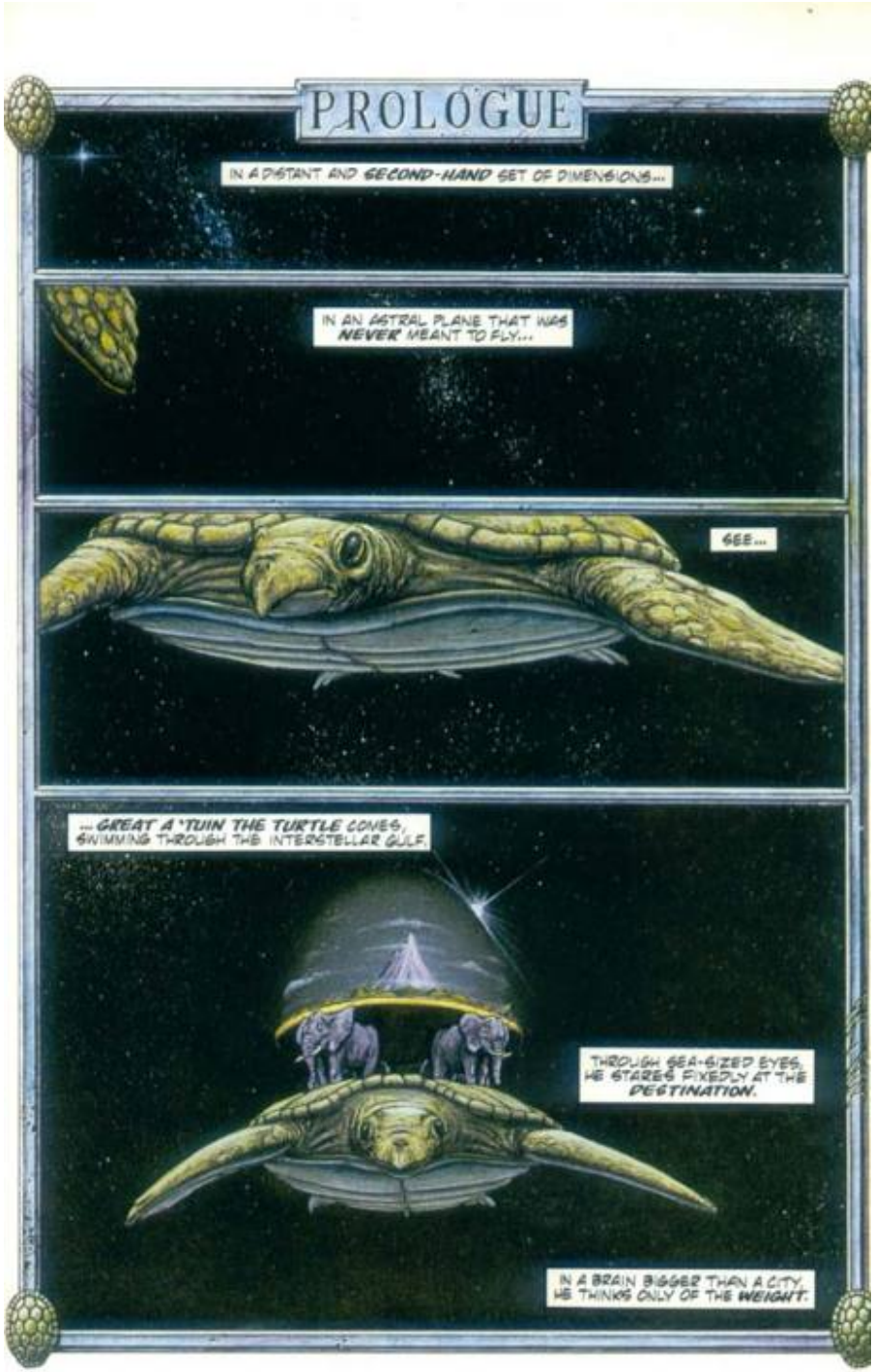
THE COLOUR OF MAGIC, Twoflower, Rincewind and all other prominent characters and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are TM Terry and Lyn Pratchett.

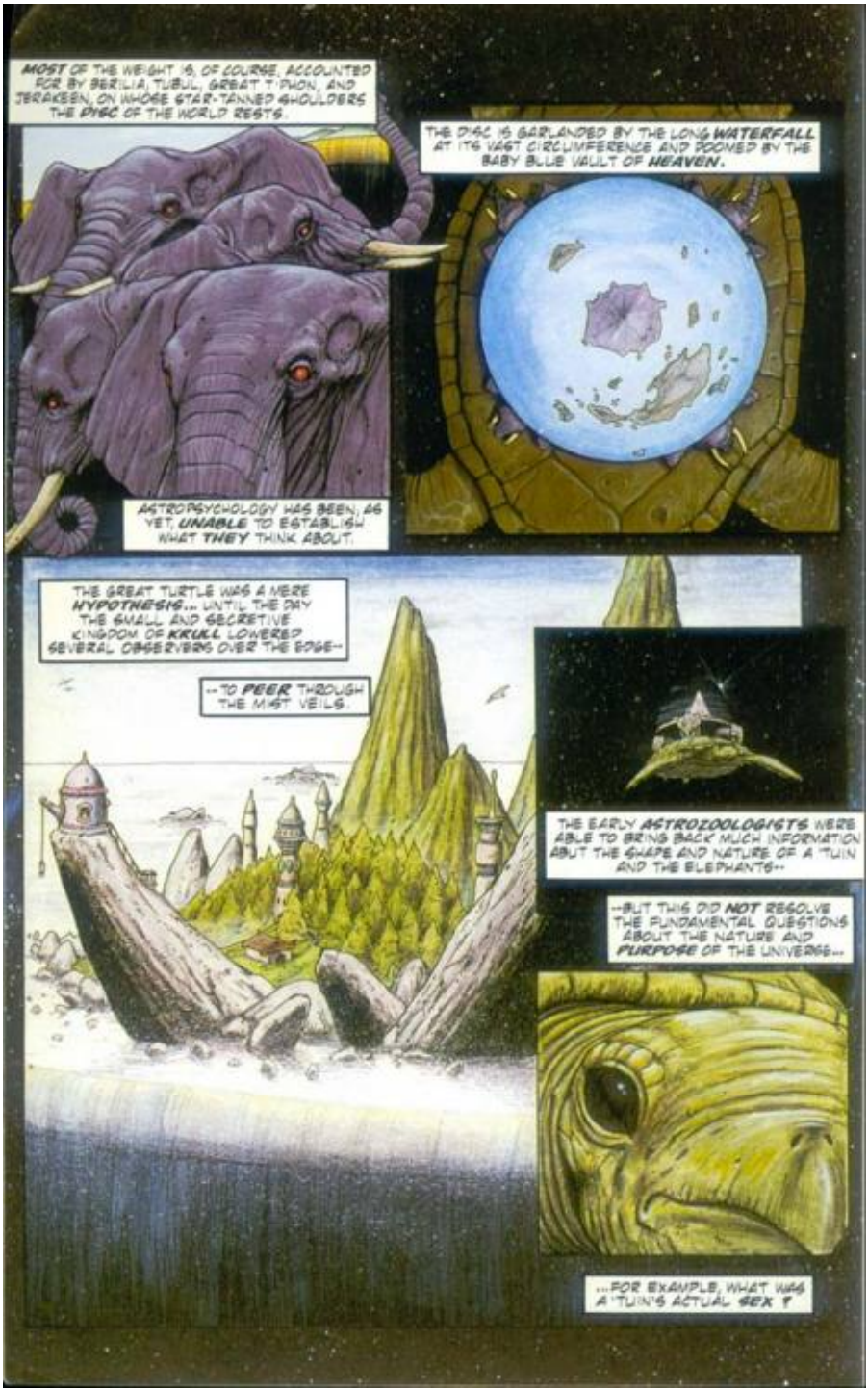
Conditions of Sale

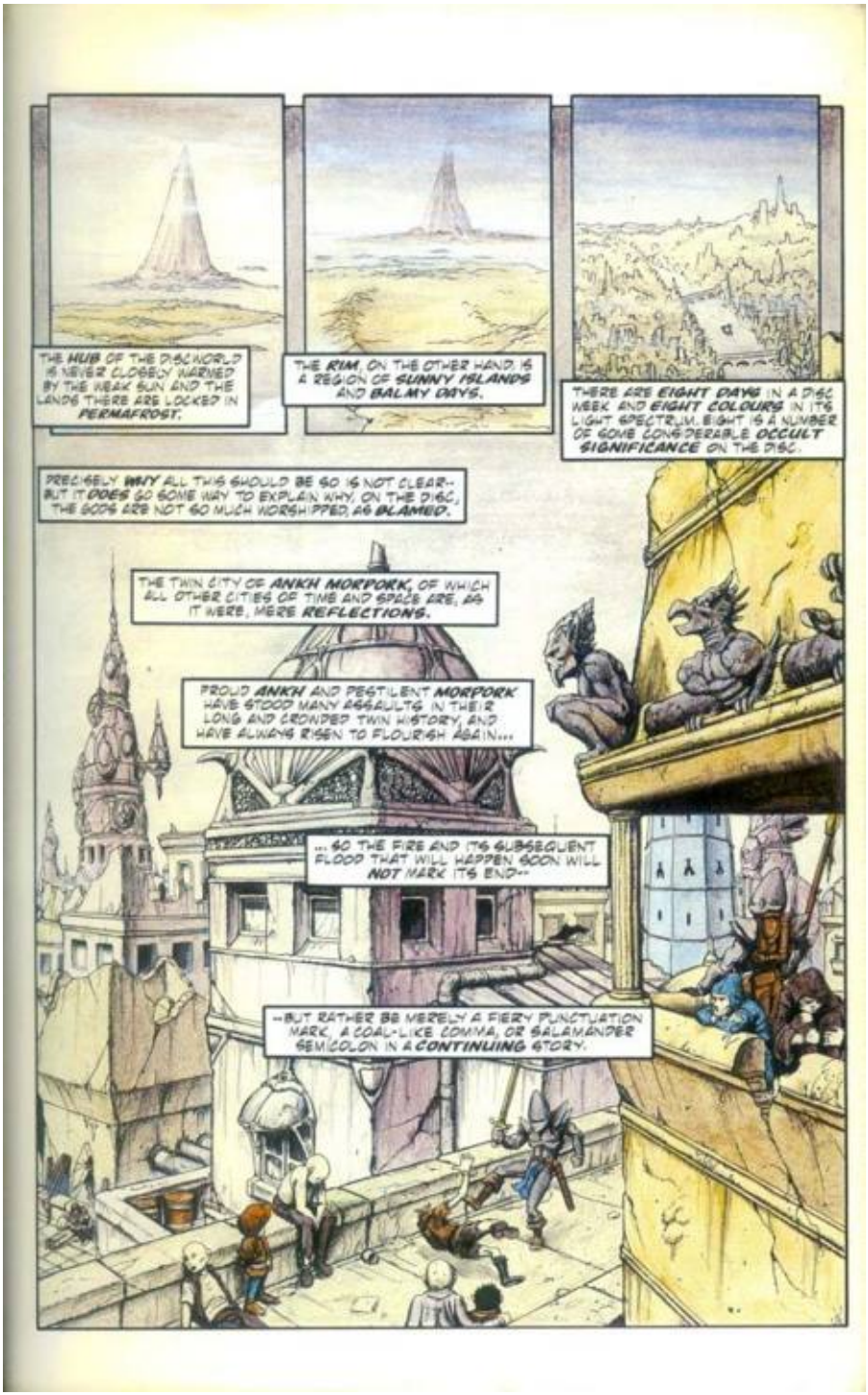
1. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.
2. This book is sold subject to the Standard Conditions of Sale of Net Books and may not be re-sold in the UK below the net price fixed by the publishers for the book.

Corgi Books are published by Transworld Publishers Ltd, 61-63 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SA, in Australia by Transworld Publishers (Australia) Pty Ltd, 15-23 Helles Avenue, Moorebank, NSW 2170, and in New Zealand by Transworld Publishers (NZ) Ltd, 3 William Pickering Drive, Albany, Auckland.

Made and printed in Italy by A. Mondadori Editore, Verona


PROLOGUE
IN A DISTANT AND SECOND-HAND SET OF DIMENSIONS...
IN AN ASTRAL PLANE THAT WAS NEVER MEANT TO FLY...
SEE...
...GREAT A'TUIN THE TURTLE COMES, SWIMMING THROUGH THE INTERSTELLAR GULF.
THROUGH SEA-SIZED EYES, HE STARES FIXEDLY AT THE DESTINATION.
IN A BRAIN BIGGER THAN A CITY, HE THINKS ONLY OF THE WEIGHT.

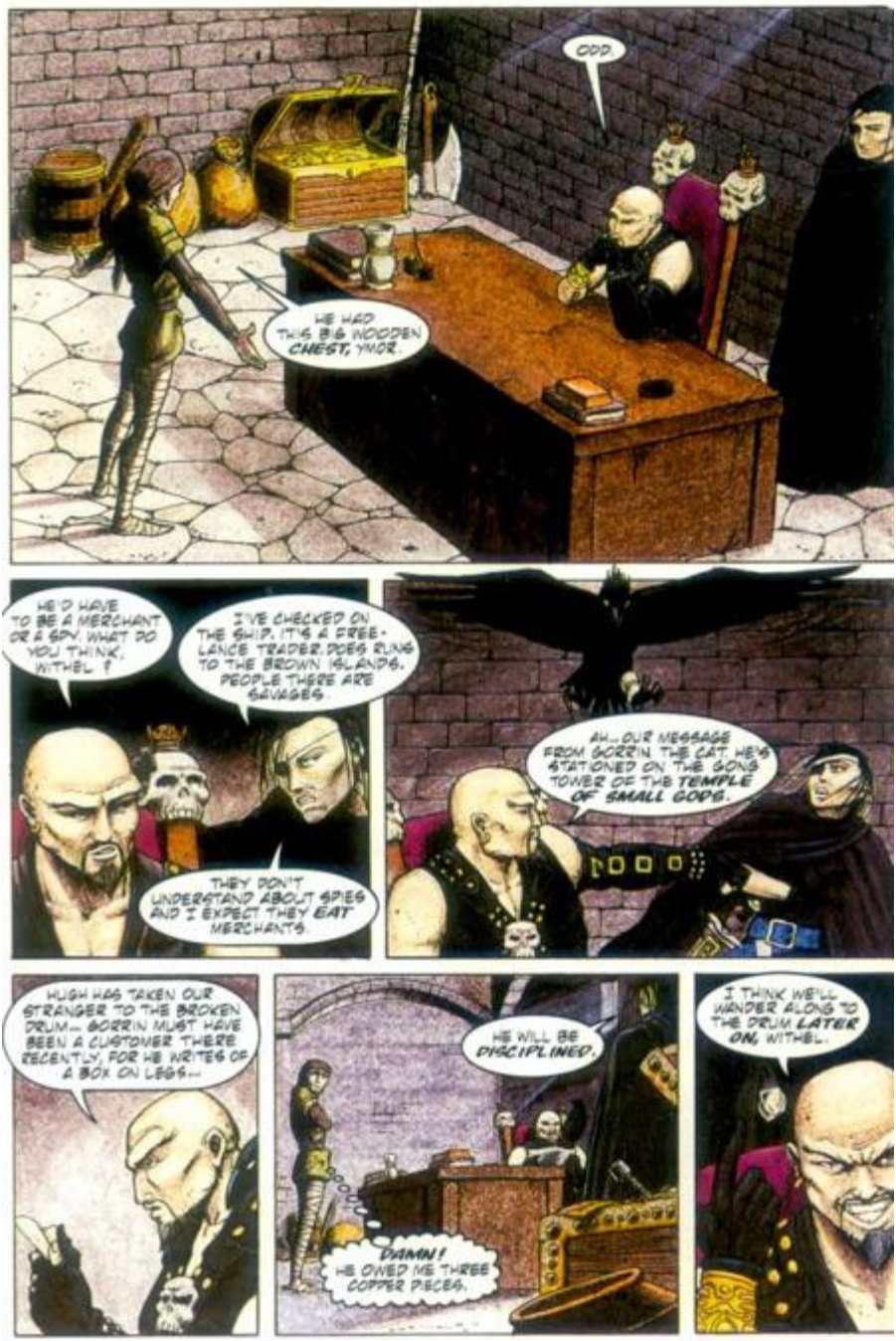

MOST OF THE WEIGHT IS, OF COURSE, ACCOUNTED FOR BY BERILIA, TUBUL, GREAT T'PHON, AND JERAKEEN, ON WHOSE STAR-TANNED SHOULDERS THE DISC OF THE WORLD RESTS.
THE DISC IS GARLANDED BY THE LONG WATERFALL AT ITS VAST CIRCUMFERENCE AND DOMED BY THE BABY BLUE VAULT OF HEAVEN.
ASTROPSYCHOLOGY HAS BEEN, AS YET, UNABLE TO ESTABLISH WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT.
THE GREAT TURTLE WAS A MERE HYPOTHESIS... UNTIL THE DAY THE SMALL AND SECRETIVE KINGDOM OF KRULL LOWERED SEVERAL OBSERVERS OVER THE EDGE--
--TO PEER THROUGH THE MIST VEILS.
THE EARLY ASTROZOOLOGISTS WERE ABLE TO BRING BACK MUCH INFORMATION ABUT THE SHAPE AND NATURE OF A TUIN AND THE ELEPHANTS--
--BUT THIS DID NOT RESOLVE THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS ABOUT THE NATURE AND PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE--
...FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT WAS A TUIN'S ACTUAL SEX ?


THE HUB OF THE DISC WORLD IS NEVER CLOBBERED HARMED BY THE WEAK SUN AND THE LANDS THERE ARE LOCKED IN PERMAFROST.
THE RIM, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS A REGION OF SUNNY ISLANDS AND BALMY DAYS.
THERE ARE EIGHT DAYS IN A DISC WEEK AND EIGHT COLOURS IN ITS LIGHT SPECTRUM. EIGHT IS A NUMBER OF SOME CONSIDERABLE OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE ON THE DISC.
PRECISELY WHY ALL THIS SHOULD BE SO IS NOT CLEAR-- BUT IT DOES GO SOME WAY TO EXPLAIN WHY, ON THE DISC, THE GODS ARE NOT SO MUCH WORSHIPPED, AS BLAMED.
THE TWIN CITY OF ANKH MORPORK, OF WHICH ALL OTHER CITIES OF TIME AND SPACE ARE, AS IT WERE, MERE REFLECTIONS.
PROUD ANKH AND PESTILENT MORPORK HAVE STOOD MANY ASSAULTS IN THEIR LONG AND CROWDED TWIN HISTORY, AND HAVE ALWAYS RISEN TO FLOURISH AGAIN...
...SO THE FIRE AND ITS SUBSEQUENT FLOOD THAT WILL HAPPEN SOON WILL NOT MARK ITS END--
--BUT RATHER BE MERELY A FIERY PUNCTUATION MARK, A COAL-LIKE COMMA, OR SALAMANDER SEMICOLON IN A CONTINUING STORY.

SEVERAL DAYS PRIOR TO THE FIRE, A SHIP CAME UP THE RIVER ANKH AND FETCHED UP ON THE HOGSWORK SHORE.
IT CARRIED A CARGO OF PINK PEARLS, MILK-NUTS, SOME OFFICIAL LETTERS FOR THE PATRICIAN OF ANKH--
--AND A MAN.
CRIPPLE HIM! GOLD!
ZZZZT! HUH--?
YMOR!
ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
PAINTED BY: STEVEN ROSS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPTI

GOOD DAY TO THEE, SIRE.
BLIND
!
HALLO.
WHAT ?
BLIND
I WISH TO BE DIRECTED TO AN HOTEL, TAVERN, LODGING HOUSE, INN, HOSPICE, CARAVANSARAI.
WHAT, ALL OF THEM?
?
I KNOW A GOOD TAVERN, IS THAT ENOUGH ?

I WOULD LIKE TO BE DIRECTED TO AN HOTEL, PLACE OF REPOSE, TAVERN-
YES, ALL RIGHT! COME ON, THEN.
YMOR WILL PROBABLY GIVE ME A GOOD REWARD ONCE I GET HIM TO THE BROKEN PEAK...
tap tap tap tap tap
...AND NONE TOO SOON. THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT HIM...
tap tap tap tap
WHAT IS--!?
tap tap tap
* SNICK *


ODD.
HE HAD THIS B&B WOODEN CHEST, YMOR.
HE'D HAVE TO BE A MERCHANT OR A SPY. WHAT DO YOU THINK, WITHEL ?
I'VE CHECKED ON THE SHIP. IT'S A FREE-LANCE TRADER. DOES RUNS TO THE BROWN ISLANDS. PEOPLE THERE ARE SAVAGES.
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT SPIES AND I EXPECT THEY EAT MERCHANTS.
AH... OUR MESSAGE FROM GORRIN THE CAT. HE'S STATIONED ON THE GONG TOWER OF THE TEMPLE OF SMALL GODS.
HUGH HAS TAKEN OUR STRANGER TO THE BROKEN DRUM... GORRIN MUST HAVE BEEN A CUSTOMER THERE RECENTLY, FOR HE WRITES OF A BOX ON LEGS...
HE WILL BE DISCIPLINED.
DAMN! HE OWED ME THREE COPPER PIECES.
I THINK WE'LL WANDER ALONG TO THE DRUM LATER ON, WITHEL.

HOW CAN A BOOK TELL A MAN WHAT TO SAY? AND WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
JUST DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, BROADMAN.
I WISH FOR AN ACCOMODATION, A ROOM, LODGINGS, THE LODGING HOUSE. FULL BOARD, ARE YOUR ROOMS CLEAN, A ROOM WITH A VIEW, WHAT IS YOUR RATE FOR ONE NIGHT?

ALL EYES IN THE BROKEN DRUM AT THAT MOMENT WATCHED THE STRANGER--
--EXCEPT FOR A PAIR BELONGING TO RINCEWIND, THE WIZARD.

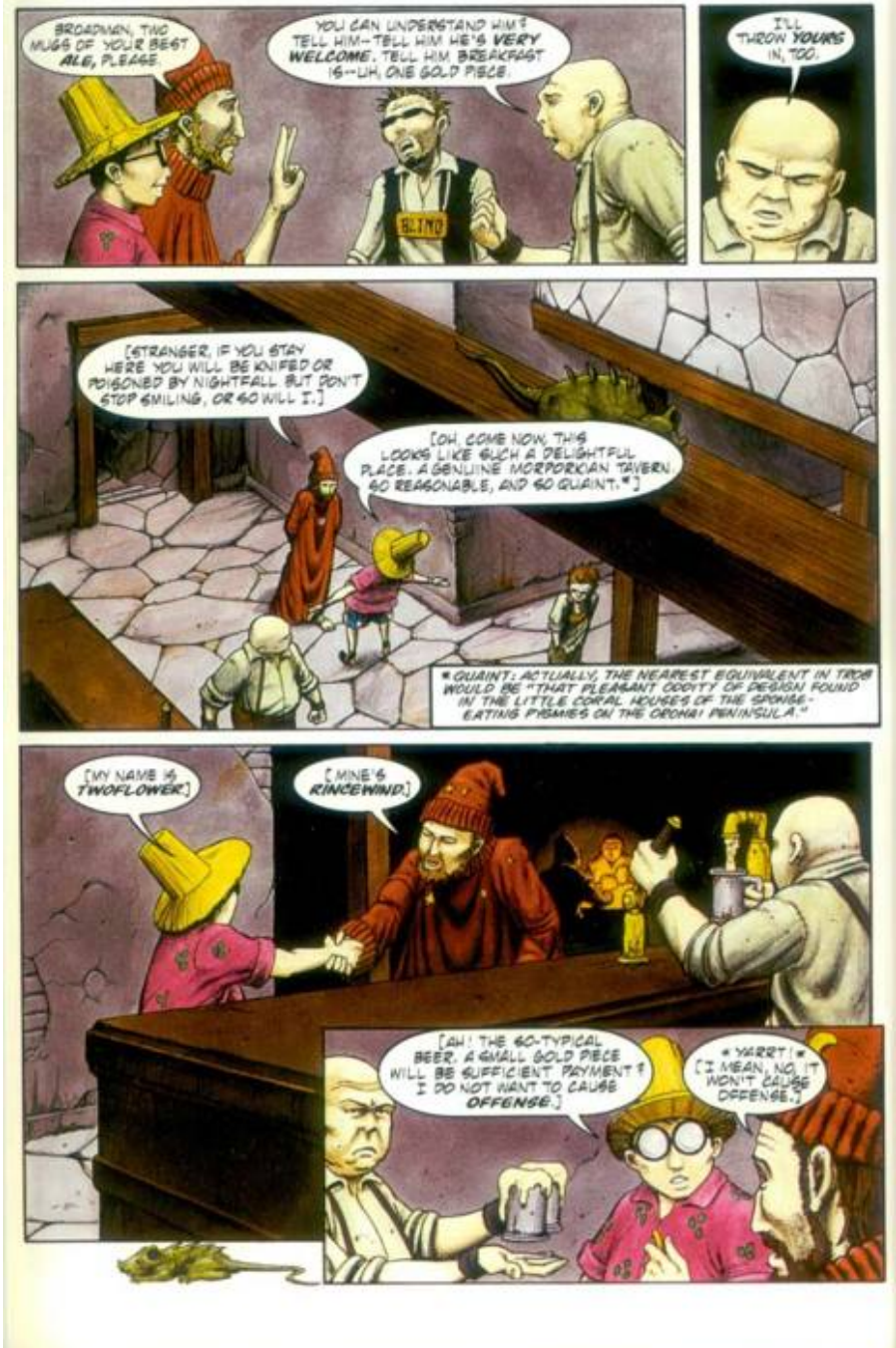
SOME MIGHT HAVE TAKEN HIM FOR A MERE APPRENTICE ENCHANTER WHO HAD RUN AWAY FROM HIS MASTER OUT OF DEFIANCE, BOREDOM, AND A LINGERING TASTE FOR HETEROSEXUALITY.

YET HE WEARS THE BRONZE OCTAGON OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY, THE HIGH SCHOOL OF MAGIC ON THE DISC.
RINCEWIND WAS STARING AT THE LUGGAGE.
SAPIENT PEARWOOD!

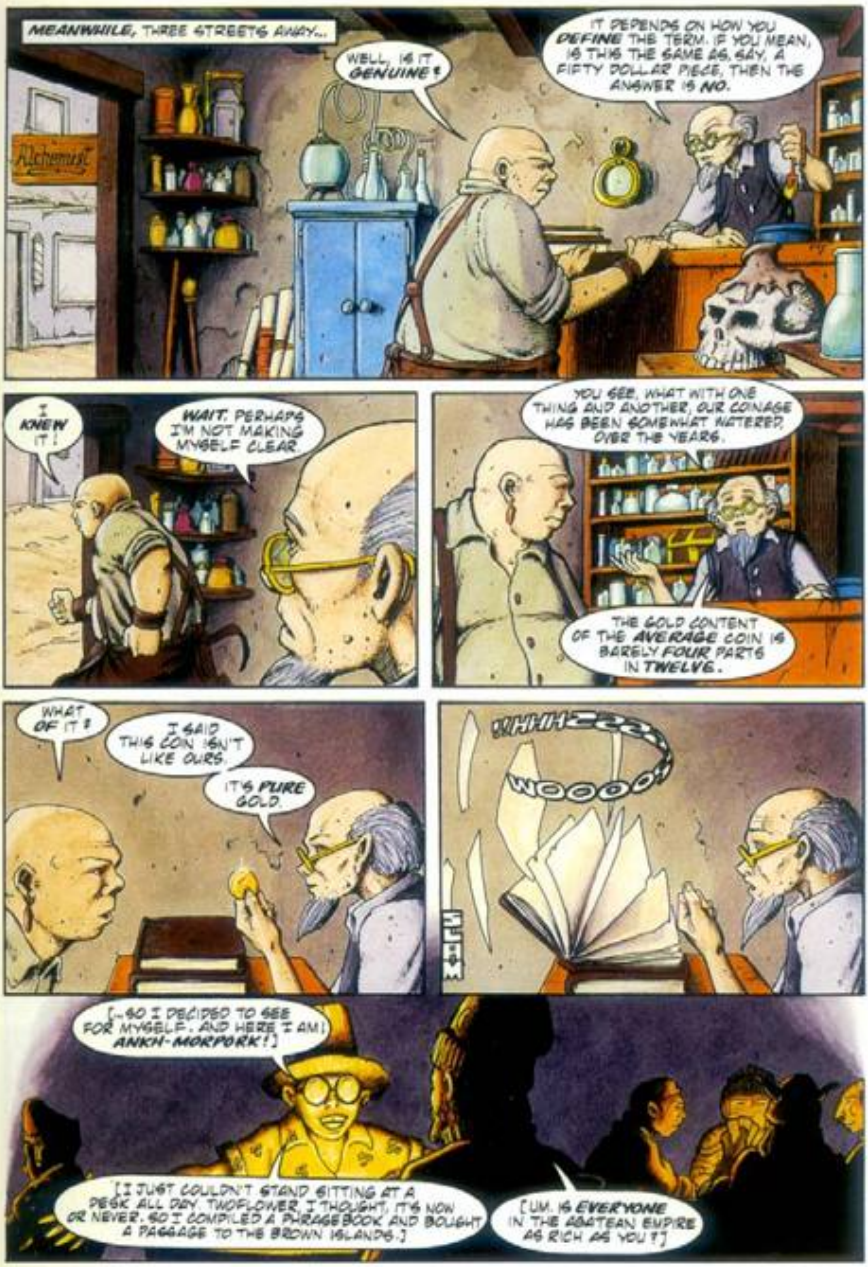
AN ARCHMAGE, BY DINT OF GREAT EFFORT, MIGHT SOMEDAY OBTAIN A SMALL STAFF MADE FROM THE TIMBER OF A SAPIENT PEARTREE.
IT GREW ONLY ON THE SITES OF ANCIENT MAGIC.
RINCEWIND TRIED TO CALCULATE ITS VALUE.

A VEIN BEGAN TO THROB IN HIS FOREHEAD.

MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE? I HAVE AN INNATE GIFT FOR LANGUAGES.
SHOVE OFF, RINGWIND.
FOOOOOD. CUTLET, HASH, STEW, RAGOUT, FRICASSEE, SORBET, SOUFFLE, SAUSAGE. NOT TO HAVE A SAUSAGE, JELLY, JAM...
I ONLY THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ADDRESS THIS GENTLEMAN IN HIS OWN TONGUE.
RINGWIND TRIED A FEW WORDS OF CHIMERIAN.
HE SWITCHED TO HIGH BOROGRAVIAN...
VANGLEMEGHT...
EVEN BLACK OROOGU, A LANGUAGE WITH NO NOUNS AND ONLY ONE ADJECTIVE, WHICH IS OBSCENE...
IN DESPERATION, HE TRIED HEATHEN TROB.
[AT LAST! MY GOOD SIR! THIS IS REMARKABLE.]
* OR, IN TROB, "A THING WHICH MAY HAPPEN BUT ONCE IN THE USABLE LIFETIME OF A CANOE HOLLOWED DILIGENTLY BY AXE AND FIRE FROM THE TALLEST TREE ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT AWAYAYA, HOME OF THE FIRE GODS OR SO IT IS SAID."


BROADMAN, TWO MUGS OF YOUR BEST ALE, PLEASE.
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HIM? TELL HIM--TELL HIM HE'S VERY WELCOME. TELL HIM BREAKFAST IS--UH, ONE GOLD PIECE.
SLYNO
I'LL THROW YOURS IN, TOO.
[STRANGER, IF YOU STAY HERE YOU WILL BE KNIFED OR POISONED BY NIGHTFALL BUT DON'T STOP SMILING, OR SO WILL I.]
[OH, COME NOW, THIS LOOKS LIKE SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PLACE. A GENUINE MORPORKIAN TAVERN SO REASONABLE, AND SO QUAINT.*]
* QUAINT: ACTUALLY, THE NEAREST EQUIVALENT IN TROB WOULD BE "THAT PLEASANT ODDITY OF DESIGN FOUND IN THE LITTLE CORAL HOUSES OF THE SPONGE-EATING PYGMIES ON THE OROHAI PENINSULA."
[MY NAME IS TWOFLOWER.]
[MINE'S RINCEWIND.]
[AH! THE SO-TYPICAL BEER. A SMALL GOLD PIECE WILL BE SUFFICIENT PAYMENT? I DO NOT WANT TO CAUSE OFFENSE.]
* YARRT! * [I MEAN, NO, IT WON'T CAUSE OFFENSE.]

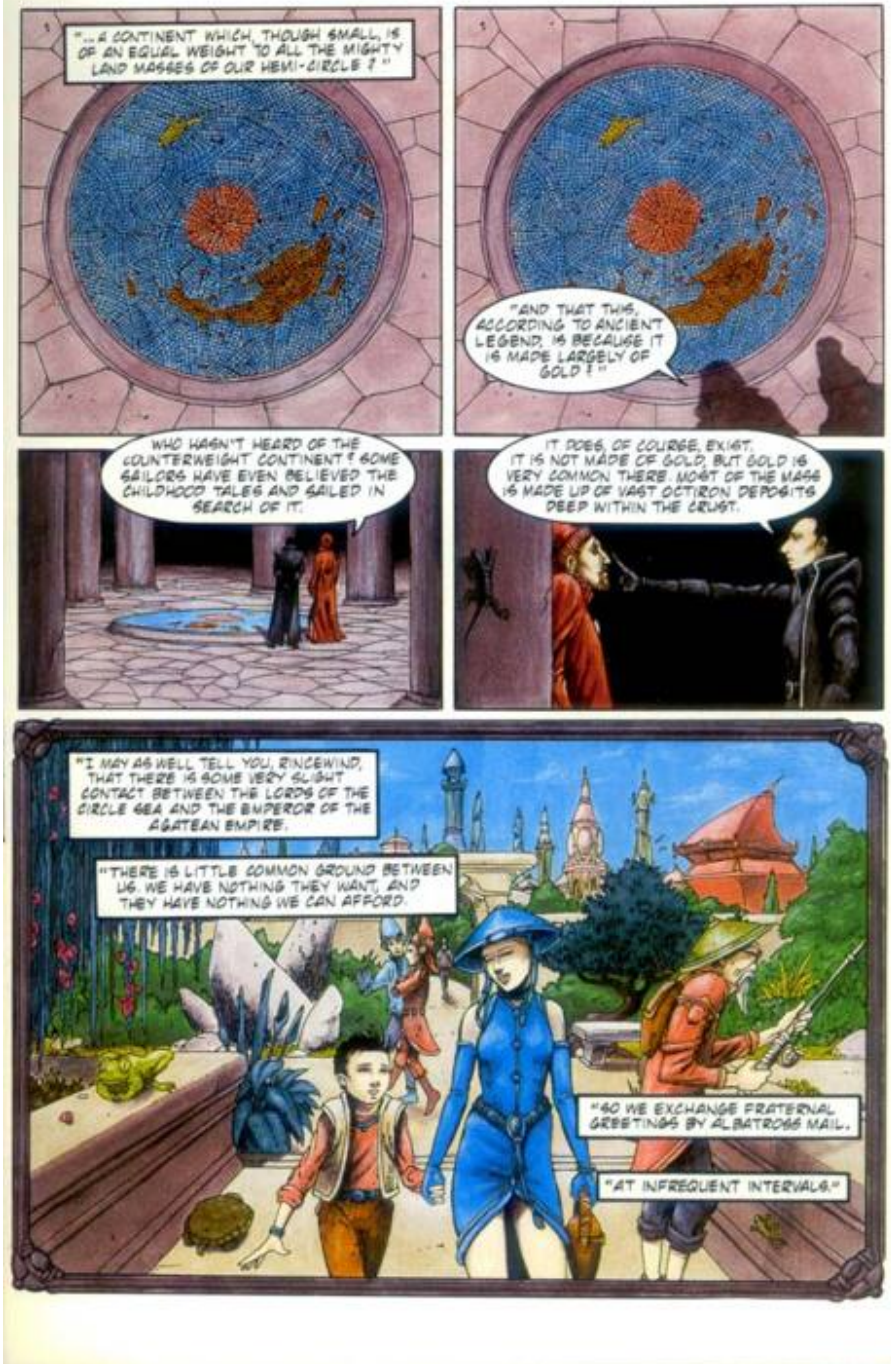
[YOU SAY THAT THIS IS A TOUGH PLACE? FREQUENTED BY HEROES AND MERCENARIES?]
"WARRIORS WHO FIGHT FOR THE TRIBE WITH THE MOST MILK-NUT MEAL"? WHAT COULD HE MEAN BY--
[OH, MERCENARIES-- AH, YES. YOU WISH TO HIRE SOME?]
[OH NO. I JUST WISH TO MEET THEM, SO THAT WHEN I GET HOME I CAN SAY THAT I DID IT.]
[WHERE IS YOUR HOME?]
[HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE CITY OF BEG PELARGIC?]
[WELL, I DIDN'T GET TO SPEND MUCH TIME IN TROB...]
[OH, IT'S NOT IN TROB! I SPEAK TROB BECAUSE THERE ARE MANY BETROB SAILORS IN OUR PORTS. BEG PELARGIC IS THE MAJOR SEAPORT OF THE AGATEAN EMPIRE.]
"YARRT!"
THE COUNTERWEIGHT CONTINENT!


MEANWHILE, THREE STREETS AWAY...
Alchemist
WELL, IS IT GENUINE?
IT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU DEFINE THE TERM. IF YOU MEAN, IS THIS THE SAME AS, SAY, A FIFTY DOLLAR PIECE, THEN THE ANSWER IS NO.
I KNEW IT!
WAIT. PERHAPS I'M NOT MAKING MYSELF CLEAR.
YOU SEE, WHAT WITH ONE THING AND ANOTHER, OUR COINAGE HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT METERED, OVER THE YEARS.
THE GOLD CONTENT OF THE AVERAGE COIN IS BARELY FOUR PARTS IN TWELVE.
WHAT OF IT?
I SAID THIS COIN ISN'T LIKE OURS.
IT'S PURE GOLD.
!HHH
WOOOO!
SHUNK
[-SO I DECIDED TO SEE FOR MYSELF. AND HERE I AM, ANKH-MORPORK!]
[I JUST COULDN'T STAND SITTING AT A DESK ALL DAY. THOFLOWER I THOUGHT, IT'S NOW OR NEVER. SO I COMPILED A PHRASE BOOK AND BOUGHT A PASSAGE TO THE BROWN ISLANDS.]
[UM. IS EVERYONE IN THE AGATEAN EMPIRE AS RICH AS YOU?]

[ME? RICH? I AM BUT A POOR CLERK! WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT I WAS RICH?]
[YOU HAVE, UH... GOLD.]
[BARELY TWO THOUSAND RHINU. HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP A MAN ALIVE FOR A MONTH OR TWO AT HOME.]
[AN IDEA OCCURS TO ME. RINCEWIND, WOULD YOU CONSENT TO BE EMPLOYED AS A, I DON'T KNOW... GUIDE? I THINK I COULD AFFORD TO PAY A RHINU A DAY... OR ONE AND ONE-HALF RHINU?]
CAN I SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM, SIR?
RINCEWIND WAS TO CALL BACK AT MOON TO SHOW TWOFLOWER AROUND THE CITY.
TWOFLOWER HAD INSISTED ON PAYING HIS FIRST FOUR DAYS WAGES IN ADVANCE.
AS A STUDENT, RINCEWIND HAD NEVER RECEIVED HIGH MARKS IN PRECOGNITION. BUT NOW, UNUSED CIRCUITS IN HIS BRAIN WERE THROBBING OUT THE FUTURE.
THE SPACE BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES BEGAN TO ITCH.
THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO WOULD BE TO BUY A HORSE...
BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO TWOFLOWER, ALONE IN A CITY WHERE EVEN THE COCKROACHES HAVE AN UNERRING INSTINCT FOR GOLD?
A MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE A REAL HEEL TO LEAVE HIM.
BROKEN
DRUM

THE HUB GATE, YOU SAY?
IT IS RUMORED THAT AN ENTIRE WING OF THE PATRICIAN'S PALACE IS FILLED WITH CLERKS WHO COLLATE AND UPDATE ALL THE INFORMATION COLLECTED BY THEIR MASTER'S SUPERB SPY NETWORK.
RINCEWIND DID NOT DOUBT IT.
AYE, LORD. WE HAD TO SHOOT THE HORSE BEFORE HE WOULD STOP.
WHICH, BY A FAIRLY DIRECT ROUTE, BRINGS YOU HERE. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
HMMM... THAT BALCONY. A SUDDEN RUN, A NIMBLE JUMP...
...A SUDDEN HAIL OF CROSSBOW QUARRELS.
OATHBREAKING, HORSE THEFT, UTTERING FALSE COINAGE... YES, I THINK IT'S THE ARENA FOR YOU, RINCEWIND.
I DIDN'T STEAL THE HORSE! THOSE RHINU ARE PURE GOLD!
THOSE GOLDEN COINS--RHINU, DID YOU SAY?--ARE NOT VERY SIMILAR TO OUR DOLLARS. FALSE COINAGE. TECHNICAL THEFT.
AND, OF COURSE, THE COWARDLY BETRAYAL OF A VISITOR TO THIS SHORE. FOR SHAME, RINCEWIND!

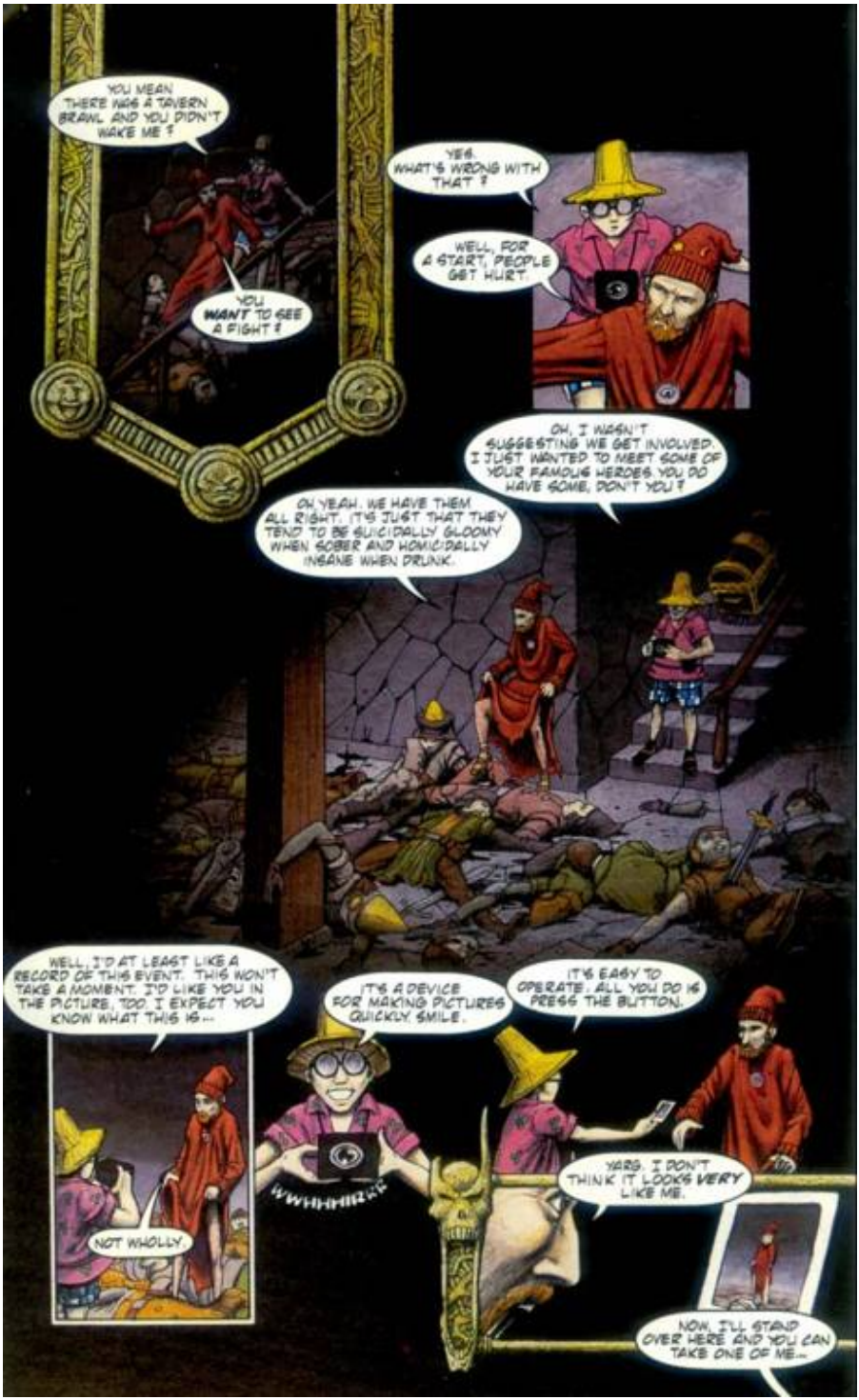
PLEASE, STEP AWAY FROM THE PRISONER.
IT IS SAID THAT WHEN A WIZARD IS ABOUT TO DIE, DEATH HIMSELF TURNS UP TO CLAIM HIM.
OCTARINE IS THE BASIC COLOR, OF WHICH ALL THE OTHERS ARE MERELY SHADOWS... A SORT OF FLOURESCENT GREENISH-YELLOW PURPLE.
OF COURSE I COULD BE MERCIFUL.
THE SHADOW DISAPPEARED
EVEN FAILED WIZARDS LIKE RINCEWIND CAN SEE INTO THE FAR OCTARINE END OF THE SPECTRUM.
WAS THAT A FLICKERING SHADOW IN THE CORNER?
YES?
NOW, LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY TO WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY. OTHERWISE, YOU WILL DIE IN AN INTERESTING FASHION, OVER A PERIOD. PLEASE STOP FIDGETING.
SINCE YOU ARE A WIZARD OF SORTS, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THERE IS SAID TO EXIST, TOWARDS THE FAR RIM OF THE DISC...


"...A CONTINENT WHICH, THOUGH SMALL, IS OF AN EQUAL WEIGHT TO ALL THE MIGHTY LAND MASSES OF OUR HEMI-CIRCLE?"
"AND THAT THIS, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGEND, IS BECAUSE IT IS MADE LARGELY OF GOLD!"
WHO HASN'T HEARD OF THE COUNTERWEIGHT CONTINENT? SOME SAILORS HAVE EVEN BELIEVED THE CHILDHOOD TALES AND SAILED IN SEARCH OF IT.
IT DOES, OF COURSE, EXIST. IT IS NOT MADE OF GOLD, BUT GOLD IS VERY COMMON THERE. MOST OF THE MASS IS MADE UP OF VAST OCTIRON DEPOSITS DEEP WITHIN THE CRUST.
"I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU, RINCEWIND, THAT THERE IS SOME VERY SLIGHT CONTACT BETWEEN THE LORDS OF THE CIRCLE SEA AND THE EMPEROR OF THE AGATEAN EMPIRE.
"THERE IS LITTLE COMMON GROUND BETWEEN US. WE HAVE NOTHING THEY WANT, AND THEY HAVE NOTHING WE CAN AFFORD.
"SO WE EXCHANGE FRATERNAL GREETINGS BY ALBATROSS MAIL.
"AT INFREQUENT INTERVALS."

ONE SUCH LETTER ARRIVED THIS MORNING. A SUBJECT OF THE EMPEROR HAS TAKEN IT IN HIS HEAD TO VISIT OUR CITY.
ONLY A MADMAN WOULD UNDERGO THE PRIVATIONS OF CROSSING THE TURNWISE OCEAN IN ORDER MERELY TO LOOK AT ANYTHING HOWEVER.
HE LANDED THIS MORNING. HE MIGHT HAVE MET A GREAT HERO, OR SOME WISE SAGE. HE MET YOU.
YOU WILL SEE THAT HE RETURNS HOME WITH A GOOD REPORT OF OUR LITTLE HOMELAND. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?
ER... THANK YOU, LORD.
IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY SHOULD ANYTHING UNTOWARD HAPPEN TO OUR VISITOR. THE AGATEAN EMPEROR LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN AND COULD EXTINGUISH US WITH A NOD.
BUT IN THE WEEKS BEFORE THE AGATEAN FLEET ARRIVED, MY SERVANTS WOULD OCCUPY THEMSELVES ABOUT YOUR PERSON...
...IN THE HOPE THAT THE AVENGING CAPTAIN'S ANGER MIGHT BE TEMPERED BY THE SIGHT OF YOUR STILL LIVING BODY, BE IT EVER SO ABLIGED, AND...
BUT I SEE YOU UNDERSTAND.
YES, LORD. I'LL, ER... LOOK AFTER HIM AND SEE HE COMES TO NO HARM.
AND THEN I'LL GET A JOB JUGGLING SNOWBALLS IN HELL.

DRUM
DRUM
YARGH!
WOOOOSSSHHHH!!!
PROBABLY A LUCKY THROW. THEY ALL SEEM TOO BUSY TO NOTICE ME.
LUCKILY, IN THE RAGING GLOOM NO ONE SEEMED TO NOTICE A SHADOWY SHAPE THAT SHUFFLED FROM TABLE TO TABLE TOWARD THE STAIRWAY.

HEY!
GLEEP!
THUNK!
ARRRGGHHHH!
AGONITI! KYORUCHA! BEAZLEBOR!
WIZARDRY! * GULP! *
UUNNGGHHH!
HOLD ON, TWOFLOWER! I'M COMING!
Z.


YOU MEAN THERE WAS A TAVERN BRAWL AND YOU DIDN'T WAKE ME ?
YOU WANT TO SEE A FIGHT ?
YES. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT ?
WELL, FOR A START, PEOPLE GET HURT.
OH, I WASN'T SUGGESTING WE GET INVOLVED. I JUST WANTED TO MEET SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS HEROES. YOU DO HAVE SOME, DON'T YOU ?
OH YEAH. WE HAVE THEM ALL RIGHT. IT'S JUST THAT THEY TEND TO BE SUICIDALLY GLOOMY WHEN SOBER AND HOMICIDALLY INSANE WHEN DRUNK.
WELL, I'D AT LEAST LIKE A RECORD OF THIS EVENT. THIS WON'T TAKE A MOMENT. I'D LIKE YOU IN THE PICTURE, TOO. I EXPECT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS...
NOT WHOLLY.
IT'S A DEVICE FOR MAKING PICTURES QUICKLY. SMILE.
WWHHHRRR
IT'S EASY TO OPERATE. ALL YOU DO IS PRESS THE BUTTON.
YARS. I DON'T THINK IT LOOKS VERY LIKE ME.
NOW, I'LL STAND OVER HERE AND YOU CAN TAKE ONE OF ME...

SOMETIME LATER, AFTER LUNCH AND WINE HAD DONE MUCH TO RELAX RINCEWIND...
TAVERN FIGHTS ARE PRETTY COMMON AROUND HERE, I EXPECT? NO DOUBT THE FIXTURES AND FITTINGS GET DAMAGED.
FIXT-- OH, I SEE. THE BENCHES AND WHATNOT, I SUPPOSE SO.
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP THERE. RISKS ARE MY BUSINESS.
YOU TAKE RISKS?
OH, NO. I ASSESS THEM. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE ODDS ARE OF A HOUSE CATCHING FIRE IN THE RED TRIANGLE DISTRICT OF BEG PELARGIC? FIVE HUNDRED THIRTY EIGHT TO ONE.
I CALCULATED THAT.
WHAT-- URP-- WHAT FOR? 'SCUSE ME.
FOR-- I CAN'T SAY IT IN TROB. IN MY LANGUAGE WE CALL IT-- INN-SEWER-ANTS.
I WORK OUT THE ODDS AGAINST BAD THINGS HAPPENING, ADD A BIT, THEN YOU PAY ME SOME MONEY BASED ON THOSE ODDS
THEN, IF SOMETHING BAD DOES HAPPEN, I REIMBURSE YOU.
I DON' UNNERSTAN' THIS INN-SEWER-ANTS. MAGIC, NOW, MAGIC I UNNERSTAN'.
WELL, MAGIC IS ONE THING, AND REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND SPIRITS IS ANOTHER.
REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND-SPIRITS? NEVER HEARD O' IT.
THOFLOWER TRIED TO EXPLAIN.
RINCEWIND TRIED TO UNDERSTAND.

IN THE LONG AFTERNOON, RINCEWIND AND TWOFLOWER TOURED THE CITY TURNWISE OF THE RIVER.
AT THE TEMPLE OF SEVEN HANDED SEK, THE PRIESTS AND RITUAL HEART-TRANSPLANT ARTISANS AGREED THAT SEC WAS FAR TOO HOLY TO BE MADE INTO A MAGIC PICTURE.
A PAYMENT OF TWO RHINU LEFT THEM ASTOUNDEDLY AGREEING THAT PERHAPS HE WASN'T THAT HOLY AFTER ALL.
AS THE FUMES CLEARED FROM HIS BRAIN, RINCEWIND BEGAN TO SPECULATE SERIOUSLY AS TO HOW THE "ICONOGRAPH" WORKED.
HE SOON TOOK EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO OPERATE THE BOX.

A PROLONGED SESSION AT THE WHORE PITS PRODUCED A NUMBER OF COLORFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE PICTURES--
--SEVERAL OF WHICH RINGEWIND CONCEALED ABOUT HIS PERSON FOR DETAILED PERUSAL IN PRIVATE.
EVEN A FAILED WIZARD KNEW THAT SOME SUBSTANCES WERE SENSITIVE TO LIGHT. PERHAPS THE SQUARE BITS OF PAPER WERE TREATED BY SOME ARCANE PROCESS THAT FROZE THE LIGHT THAT PASSED THROUGH THEM.
HE NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE STRANGE-- POSSESSION OF THE BOX CONFERRED A KIND OF POWER ON THE WIELDER--
--ANYONE, CONFRONTED WITH THE HYPNOTIC GLASS EYE, WOULD SUBMISSIVELY OBEY THE MOST PEREMPTORY ORDERS ABOUT STANCE AND EXPRESSION.
IT WAS WHILE HE WAS THUS ENGAGED IN THE PLAZA OF THE BROKEN MOON THAT DISASTER STRUCK.

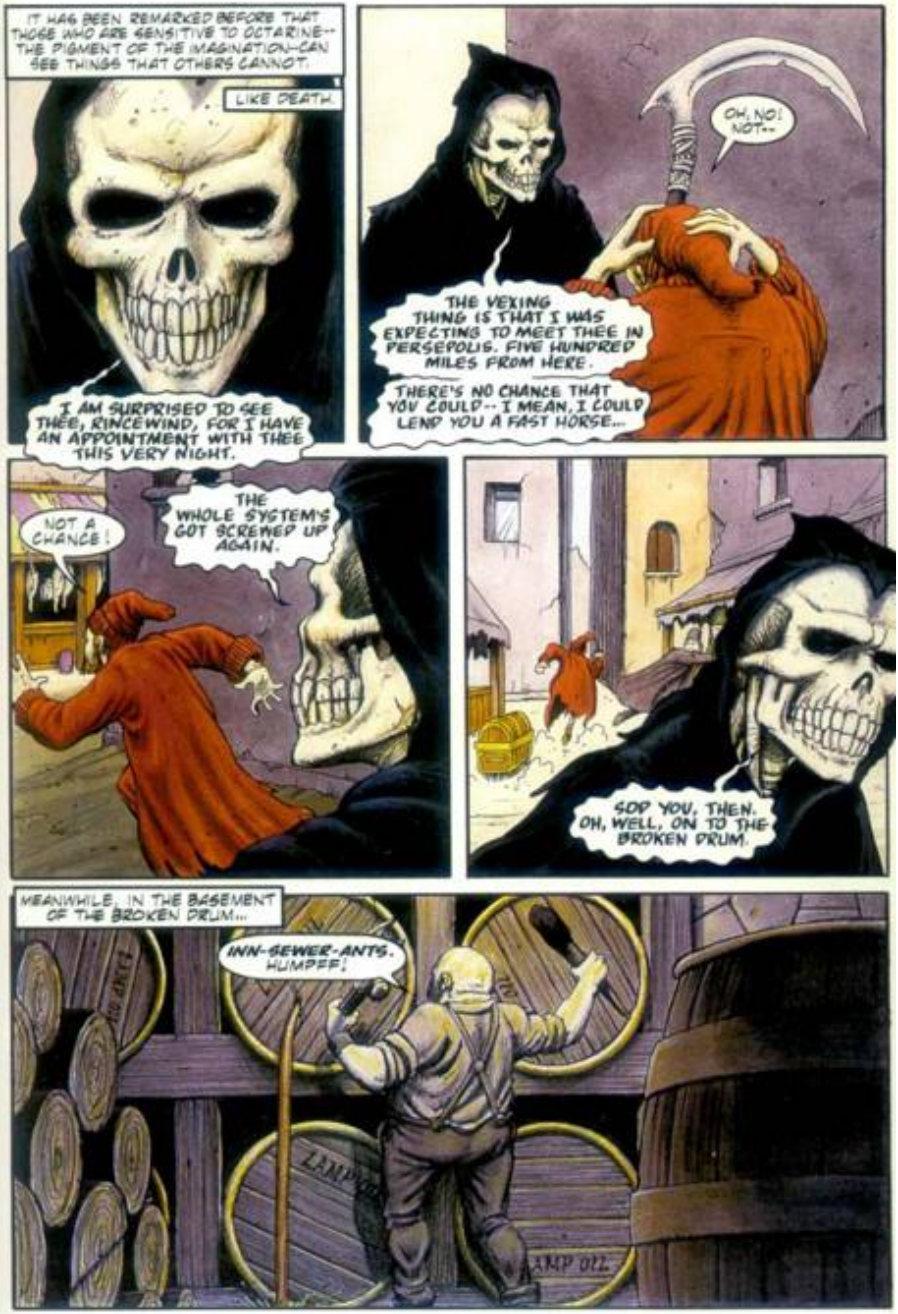
CLICK!
IT'S NO GOOD. I'VE RUN OUT OF PINK.
NO PINK! GEE! IF YOU WANTED PINK, THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ALL THOSE PICTURES OF THE YOUNG LADIES, SHOULD YOU?
IT'S MONOCHROME FROM NOW ON, FRIEND ALRIGHT?
ALRIGHT. YEAH. SURE.
UHH, THOFLOWER...
SLAM!
THOFLOWER?!
TURN WITHOUT HASTE.
OR KISS YOUR KIDNEYS GOODBYE.

HI, WITHEL.
I KNOW YOU! A GUTTER WIZARD. WHAT IS THAT THING?
THIS? IT MAKES PICTURES. SMILE, NOW.
WHAT?
THAT'S FINE. HOLD IT JUST LIKE THAT.
SNAP!
AAIIEEEEE!!!!
BYE!
ERRRRHHHGGGHH!
DAMN! TRAPPED!...
UNBIDDEN, THE SPELL WELLED UP IN HIS MIND.

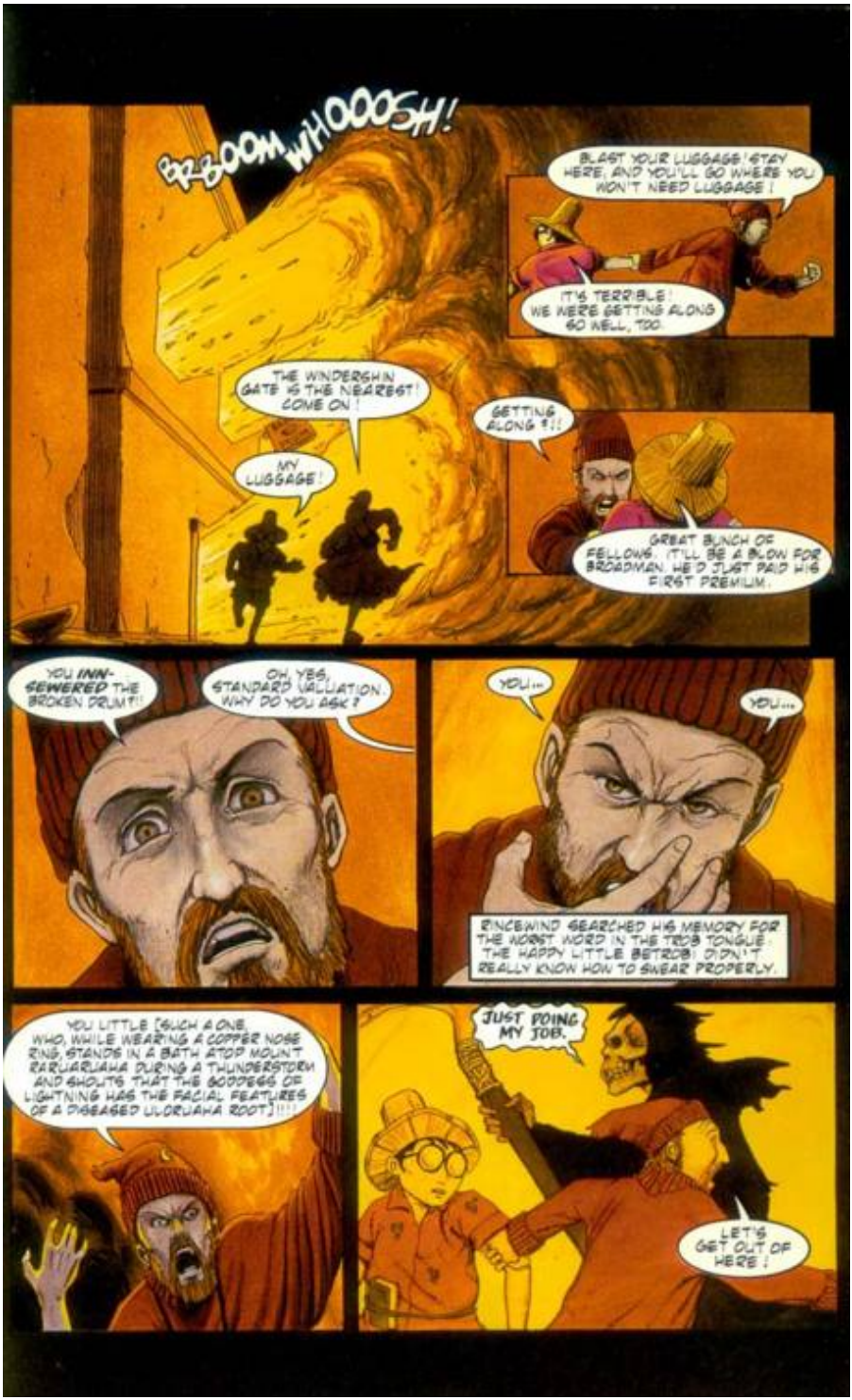
IT IS PERHAPS UNTRUE TO SAY THAT RINCEWIND HAD LEARNED THE SPELL. IT HAD LEARNED HIM.
THE EPISODE HAD LED TO HIS EXPULSION FROM THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY, BECAUSE, FOR A BET--
--HE HAD DARED TO OPEN THE LAST REMAINING COPY OF THE CREATOR'S OWN GRIMOIRE, THE OCTAVO.
THE SPELL HAD LEAPT OUT OF THE PAGE AND BURROWED DEEPLY INTO RINCEWIND'S MIND--
--FROM WHENCE THE COMBINED TALENTS OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO COAX IT.
PRECISELY WHICH OF THE SPELLS IT WAS, THEY WERE UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS ONE OF THE EIGHT BASIC SPELLS.
THE BASIC SPELLS THAT WERE INTRICATELY INTERWOVEN INTO THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE ITSELF.

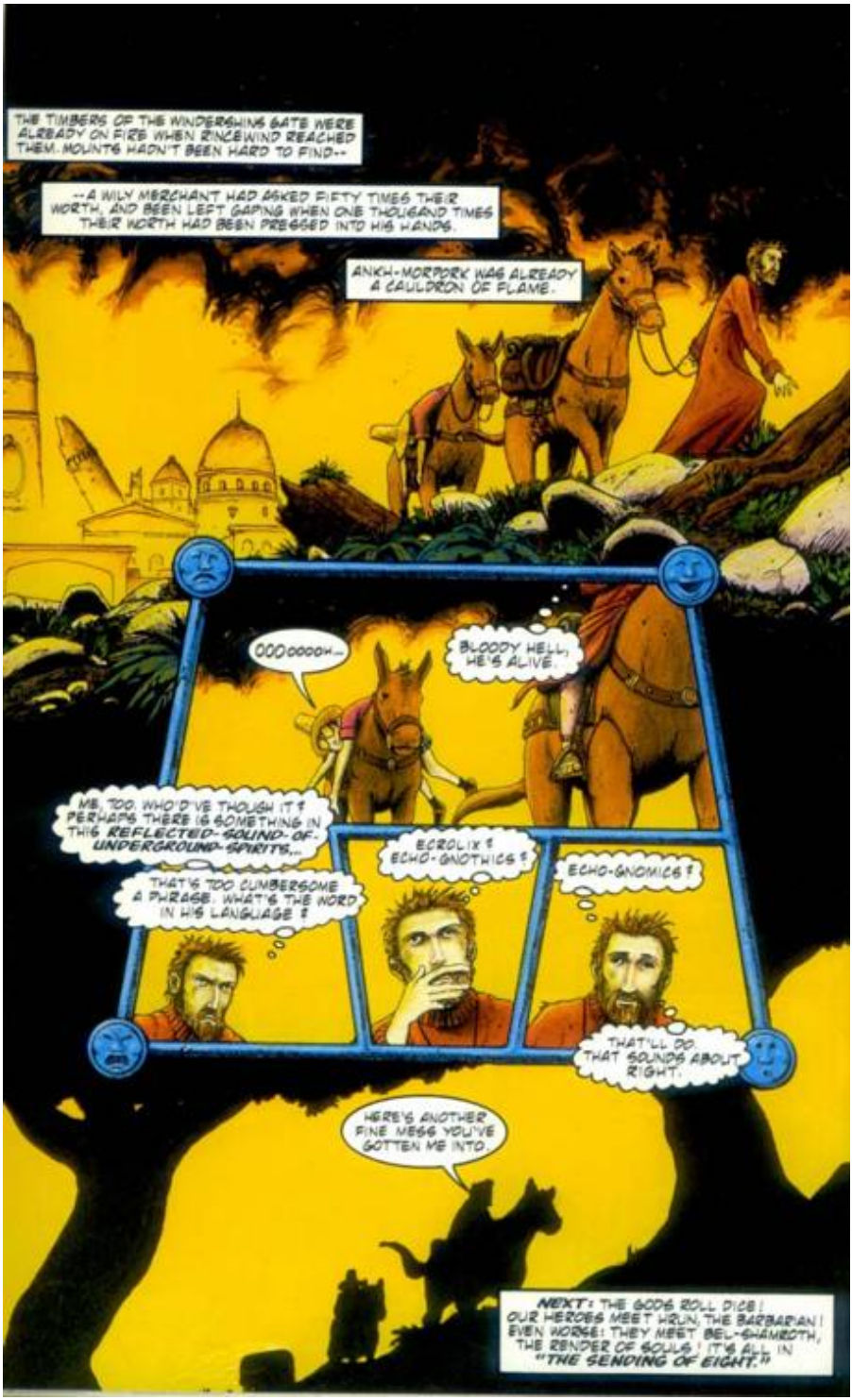
SINCE THEN, IT HAD BEEN SHOWING A WORRYING TENDENCY WHEN RINCEWIND WAS ESPECIALLY RUNDOWN OR THREATENED--
--TO GET ITSELF SAID.
CRASHSCREEEEEECH!!
THE SPELL DIED, UNSAID.
SHOO
LOOK, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN. I DIDN'T KIDNAP HIM!
tap-tap-tap-tap-tap--
IT WON'T STOP UNTIL YOU GIVE IN, YOU KNOW. YOU'RE A WIZARD. YOU'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO FIND HIM.
NOT MUCH OF A WIZARD. I ONLY KNOW ONE SPELL. AND FRANKLY--
--NO SPELLS ARE MUCH GOOD. IT TAKES THREE MONTHS TO COMMIT EVEN A SIMPLE SPELL TO MEMORY, THEN ONCE YOU'VE USED IT, POOF! IT'S GONE.
WHEN TWOFLOWER SAID THEY HAD A BETTER KIND OF MAGIC CALLED REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND SPIRITS, I THOUGHT...
--I THOUGHT HE MEANT A BETTER WAY OF DOING THINGS... SOMETHING WITH A BIT OF SENSE IN IT. HARNESSING THE LIGHTNING, I SUPPOSE.
EVEN IF YOU COULD GET A HARNESS ON IT, HOW COULD YOU GET IT TO PULL A CART? IT'D PROBABLY BURN THROUGH THE HARNESS, ANYWAY.
GREEBAAAYK!!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M THINKING!

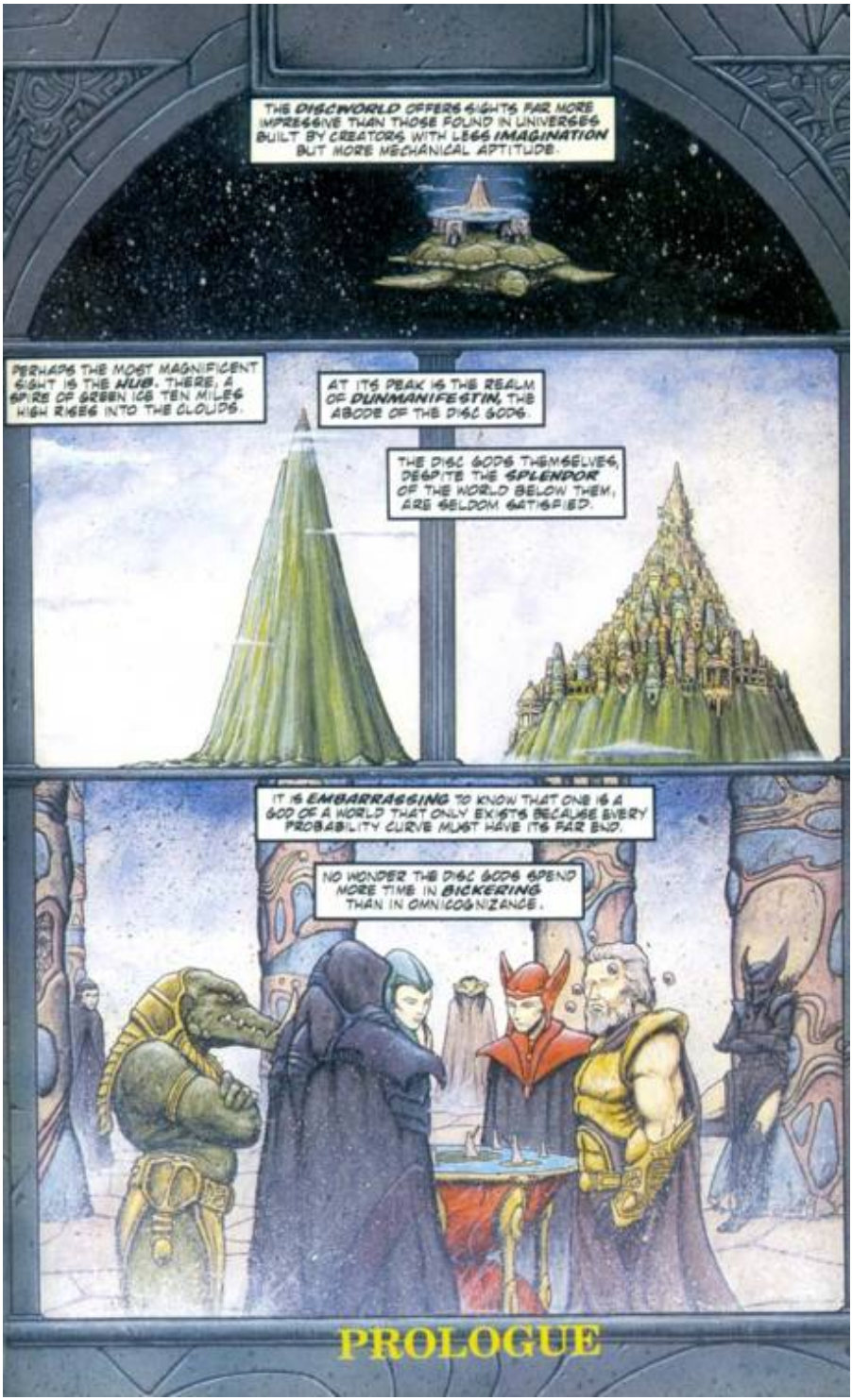
YOU FRET TOO MUCH, WITHEL. THE WIZARD WILL COME. HE'S TOO MUCH OF A COWARD NOT TO.
HE'LL TRY TO BARGAIN, AND WE'LL HAVE HIM, AND THE GOLD, AND THE CHEST.
WHO'D'VE THOUGHT THERE WAS THAT MUCH SAPIENT PEARWOOD ON THE WHOLE DISC?
ODD. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF HIS POSITION.
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, BROADMAN?
I'M NOT REALLY SURE. IT'S A SORT OF BET, SEE? INN-SEWER-ANTS. IT'S LIKE A BET THAT THE BROKEN DRUM WON'T BURN DOWN.
THIS WORM-EATEN TINDER PILE? HE MUST BE MAD!
THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM TO THE BROKEN DRUM. I'LL HAVE TO--
OOOFF! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE--
--GOING?
RINCEWIND?


IT HAS BEEN REMARKED BEFORE THAT THOSE WHO ARE SENSITIVE TO OCTARINE-- THE PIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION--CAN SEE THINGS THAT OTHERS CANNOT.
LIKE DEATH.
I AM SURPRISED TO SEE THEE, RINCEWIND, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THEE THIS VERY NIGHT.
OH, NO! NOT--
THE VEXING THING IS THAT I WAS EXPECTING TO MEET THEE IN PERSEPOLIS. FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE.
THERE'S NO CHANCE THAT YOU COULD-- I MEAN, I COULD LEND YOU A FAST HORSE...
NOT A CHANCE!
THE WHOLE SYSTEM'S GOT SCREWED UP AGAIN.
SOD YOU, THEN. OH, WELL, ON TO THE BROKEN DRUM.
MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE BROKEN DRUM...
INN-SEWER-ANTS. HUMPF!
LAMP OIL

KRRRSSSSH!
WHAT?!
GOLD!
IT'S A TRICK! NOBODY MOVE!
THE BOX! THE BOX THAT BITES!
FRSMMMSHHH!!
AIIEEE! RUN!
LOOK OUT!
KLOD
OOOFFF!
EXCITING, ISN'T IT?
CAN YOU SMELL OIL?


BR-BOOM WHOOOSH!
BLAST YOUR LUGGAGE! STAY HERE, AND YOU'LL GO WHERE YOU WON'T NEED LUGGAGE!
IT'S TERRIBLE! WE WERE GETTING ALONG SO WELL, TOO.
THE WINDERGHIN GATE IS THE NEAREST! COME ON!
MY LUGGAGE!
GETTING ALONG?!!
GREAT BUNCH OF FELLOWS. IT'LL BE A BLOW FOR BROADMAN. HE'D JUST PAID HIS FIRST PREMIUM.
YOU INN-SEWERED THE BROKEN DRUM?!!
OH, YES, STANDARD VALUATION. WHY DO YOU ASK?
YOU...
YOU...
RINCEWIND SEARCHED HIS MEMORY FOR THE WORST WORD IN THE TROB TONGUE. THE HAPPY LITTLE BETROBI DIDN'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO SWEAR PROPERLY.
YOU LITTLE [SUCH A ONE, WHO, WHILE WEARING A COPPER NOSE RING, STANDS IN A BATH ATOP MOUNT RARUARUAHA DURING A THUNDERSTORM AND SHOUTS THAT THE GODDESS OF LIGHTNING HAS THE FACIAL FEATURES OF A DISEASED ULORUAHA ROOT]!!!!
JUST DOING MY JOB.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

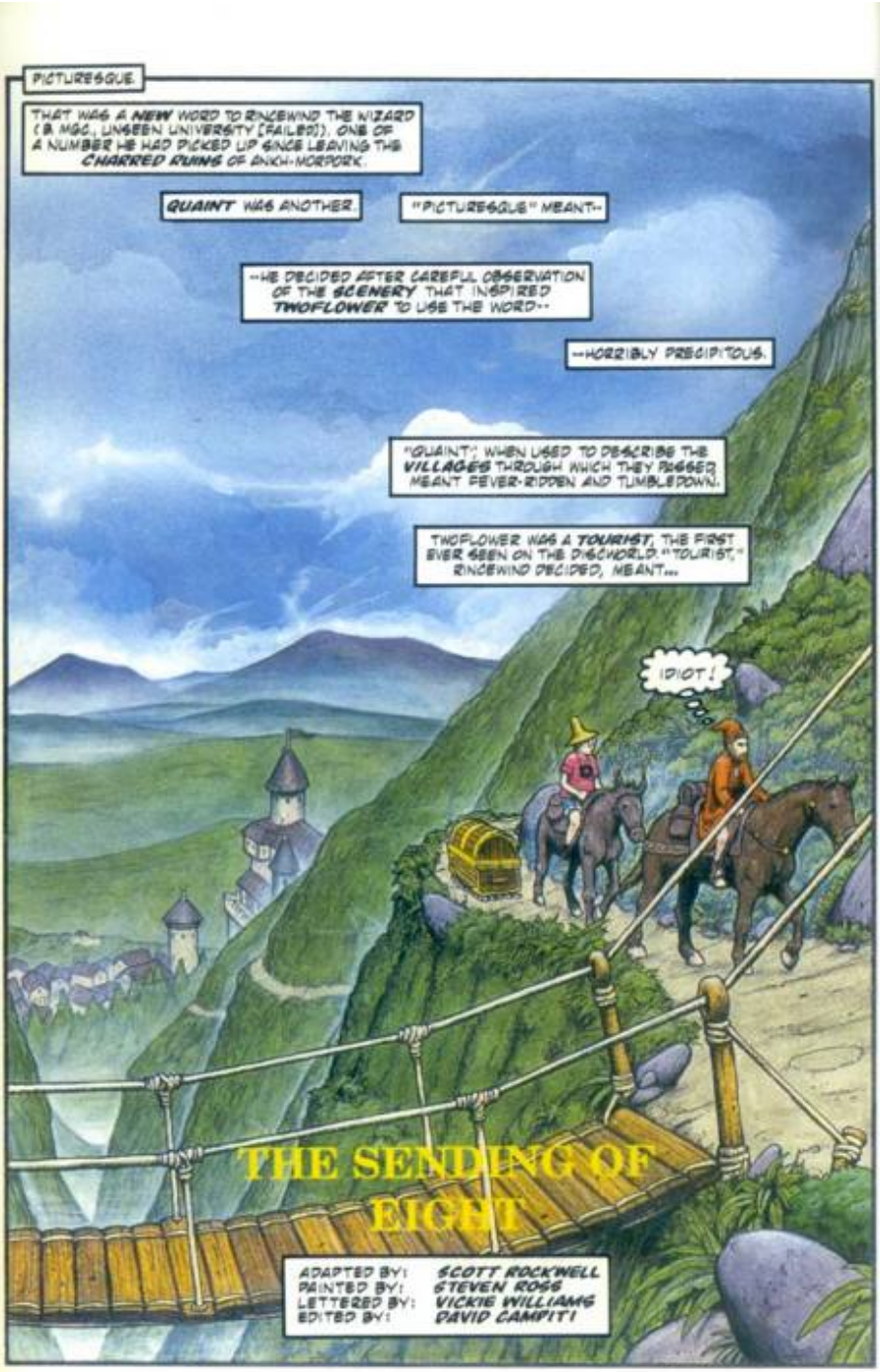

THE TIMBERS OF THE WINDERSHINS GATE WERE ALREADY ON FIRE WHEN RINGBWIND REACHED THEM. MOUNTS HADN'T BEEN HARD TO FIND--
--A WILY MERCHANT HAD ASKED FIFTY TIMES THEIR WORTH, AND BEEN LEFT GAPING WHEN ONE THOUSAND TIMES THEIR WORTH HAD BEEN PRESSED INTO HIS HANDS.
ANKH-MORPORK WAS ALREADY A CAULDRON OF FLAME.
OOOOOOOH...
BLOODY HELL, HE'S ALIVE.
ME, TOO. WHO'D'VE THOUGH IT? PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING IN THIS REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND-SPIRITS...
THAT'S TOO CUMBERSOME A PHRASE. WHAT'S THE NORD IN HIS LANGUAGE?
ECROLIX? ECHO-GNOTHICS?
ECHO-GNOMICS?
THAT'LL DO. THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
HERE'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO.
NEXT: THE GODS ROLL DICE! OUR HEROES MEET HRUN, THE BARBARIAN! EVEN WORSE: THEY MEET BEL-SHAMROTH, THE RENDER OF SOULS! IT'S ALL IN "THE SENDING OF EIGHT."

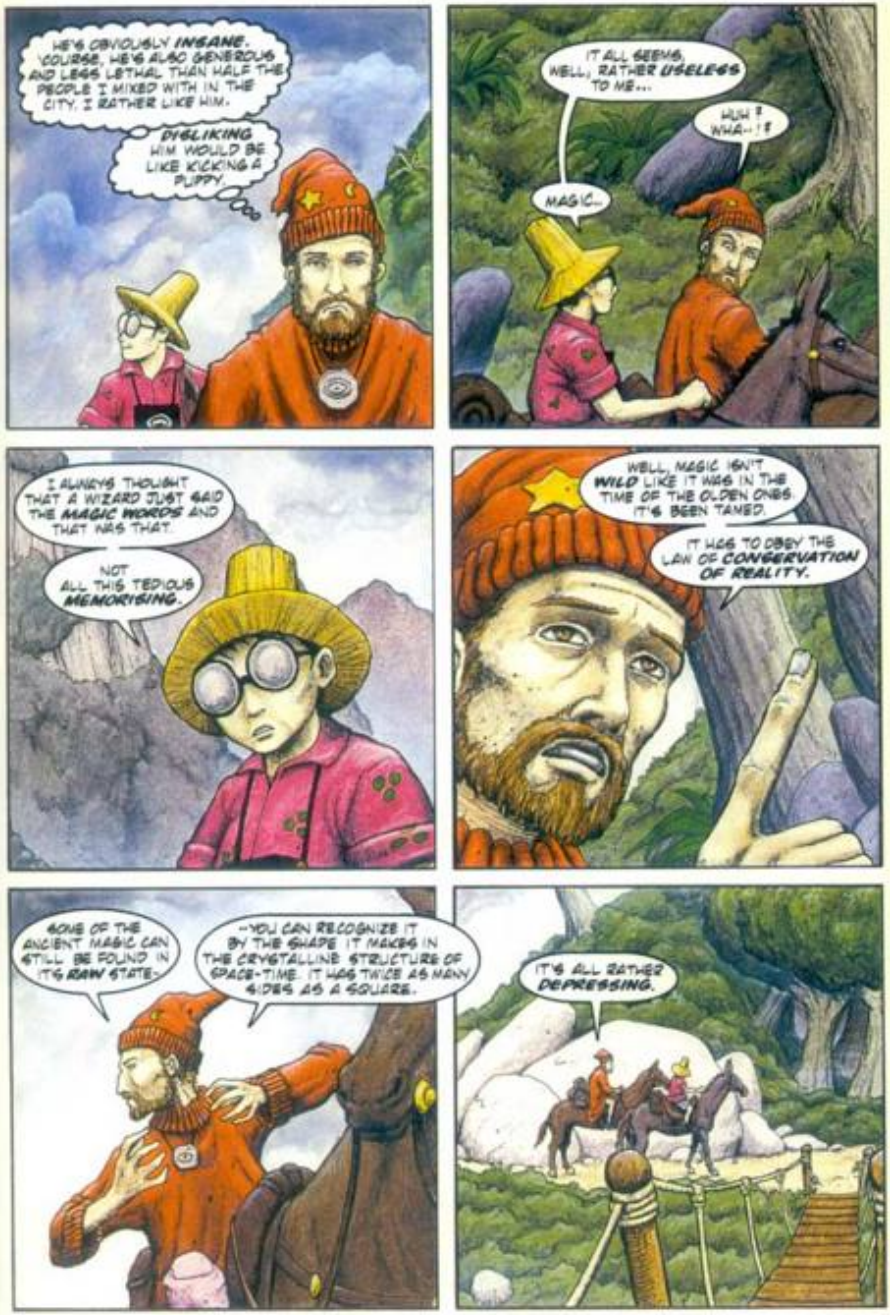

THE DISCWORLD OFFERS SIGHTS FAR MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THOSE FOUND IN UNIVERSES BUILT BY CREATORS WITH LESS IMAGINATION BUT MORE MECHANICAL APTITUDE.
PERHAPS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SIGHT IS THE HUB. THERE, A SPIRE OF GREEN ICE TEN MILES HIGH RISES INTO THE CLOUDS.
AT ITS PEAK IS THE REALM OF DUNMANIFESTIN, THE ABODE OF THE DISC GODS.
THE DISC GODS THEMSELVES, DESPITE THE SPLENDOR OF THE WORLD BELOW THEM, ARE SELDOM SATISFIED.
IT IS EMBARRASSING TO KNOW THAT ONE IS A GOD OF A WORLD THAT ONLY EXISTS BECAUSE EVERY PROBABILITY CURVE MUST HAVE ITS FAR END.
NO WONDER THE DISC GODS SPEND MORE TIME IN BICKERING THAN IN OMNICOGNIZANCE.

PROLOGUE

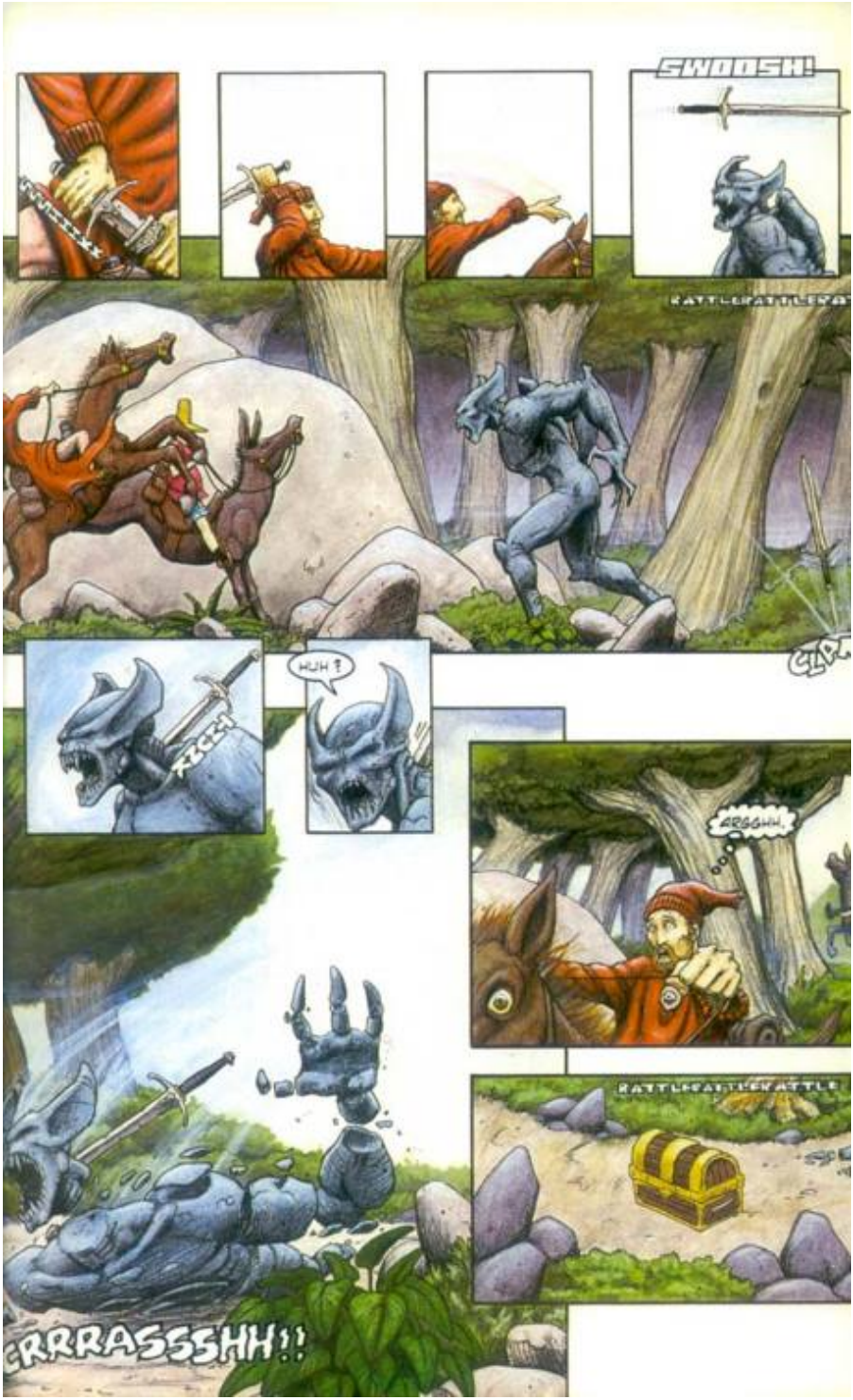
THERE WAS AN AIR OF CONCENTRATION AROUND THE BOARD NOW THAT THE LESSER PLAYERS HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE GAME.
CHANCE HAD BEEN AN EARLY CASUALTY AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, NIGHT HAD CASHED IN HIS CHIPS, PLEADING AN APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY.
BLIND IO TOOK UP THE DICE BOX.
CLUNK
TONK
CLUNK
SIDE BETS WERE MADE THAT THE LADY WOULD BE THE NEXT TO LEAVE.
A RENEGADE WIZARD AND FOUR FORT OF CLERK.
OFFLER THE CROCODILE GOD'S ACCENT WAS HINDERED, AS USUAL, BY HIS TUSKS.

WELL, WEALLY!
RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE
CLUNK CLUNK
CLUNK
PLOP!
WHRRR!
PLOP!
COME ON, PLAY FAIR


PICTURESQUE.
THAT WAS A NEW WORD TO RINCEWIND THE WIZARD (B. MGC., UNSEEN UNIVERSITY [FAILED]). ONE OF A NUMBER HE HAD PICKED UP SINCE LEAVING THE CHARRED RUINS OF ANKH-MORPORK.
QUAINT WAS ANOTHER.
"PICTURESQUE" MEANT--
--HE DECIDED AFTER CAREFUL OBSERVATION OF THE SCENERY THAT INSPIRED TWOFLOWER TO USE THE WORD--
--HORRIBLY PRECIPITOUS.
"QUAINT," WHEN USED TO DESCRIBE THE VILLAGES THROUGH WHICH THEY RIDDEN MEANT FEVER-RIDDEN AND TUMBLEDOWN.
TWOFLOWER WAS A TOURIST, THE FIRST EVER SEEN ON THE DISCWORLD. "TOURIST," RINCEWIND DECIDED, MEANT...
IDIOT!
THE SENDING OF EIGHT
ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
PAINTED BY: STEVEN ROSS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPITI


HE'S OBVIOUSLY INSANE. OF COURSE. HE'S ALSO GENEROUS AND LESS LETHAL THAN HALF THE PEOPLE I MIXED WITH IN THE CITY. I RATHER LIKE HIM.
DISLIKING HIM WOULD BE LIKE KICKING A PUPPY.
IT ALL SEEMS, WELL, RATHER USELESS TO ME...
HUH? WHA...!?
MAGIC...
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT A WIZARD JUST SAID THE MAGIC WORDS AND THAT WAS THAT.
NOT ALL THIS TEDIOUS MEMORISING.
WELL, MAGIC ISN'T WILD LIKE IT WAS IN THE TIME OF THE OLDEN ONES IT'S BEEN TAMED.
IT HAS TO OBEY THE LAW OF CONSERVATION OF REALITY.
SOME OF THE ANCIENT MAGIC CAN STILL BE FOUND IN ITS RAW STATE-
--YOU CAN RECOGNIZE IT BY THE SHAPE IT MAKES IN THE CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE OF SPACE-TIME. IT HAS TWICE AS MANY SIDES AS A SQUARE.
IT'S ALL RATHER DEPRESSING.

DEPRESSING?
RINCEWIND THINKS HE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HARNESS THE LIGHTNING.
WHEN I SAID HARNESS, I DIDN'T MEAN HARNESS--
--I JUST MEANT THAT, I DUNNO... THINGS OUGHT TO BE MORE SORT OF ORGANIZED.
THE PLAIN FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT WE'RE ON A DISC THAT IS MANIFESTLY TRAVERSING THE UNIVERSE ON THE BACK OF A GIANT TURTLE--
--AND THE GODS HAVE A HABIT OF GOING ROUND TO ATHEISTS' HOUSES AND SMASHING THEIR WINDOWS.
RATTLERATTLE
RATTLERATTLE
WOOOOSSSHH!!
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
ARRHHH!!!
WHAT A STRANGE CREATURE. IS IT DANGEROUS?
ONLY TO PEOPLE!!!

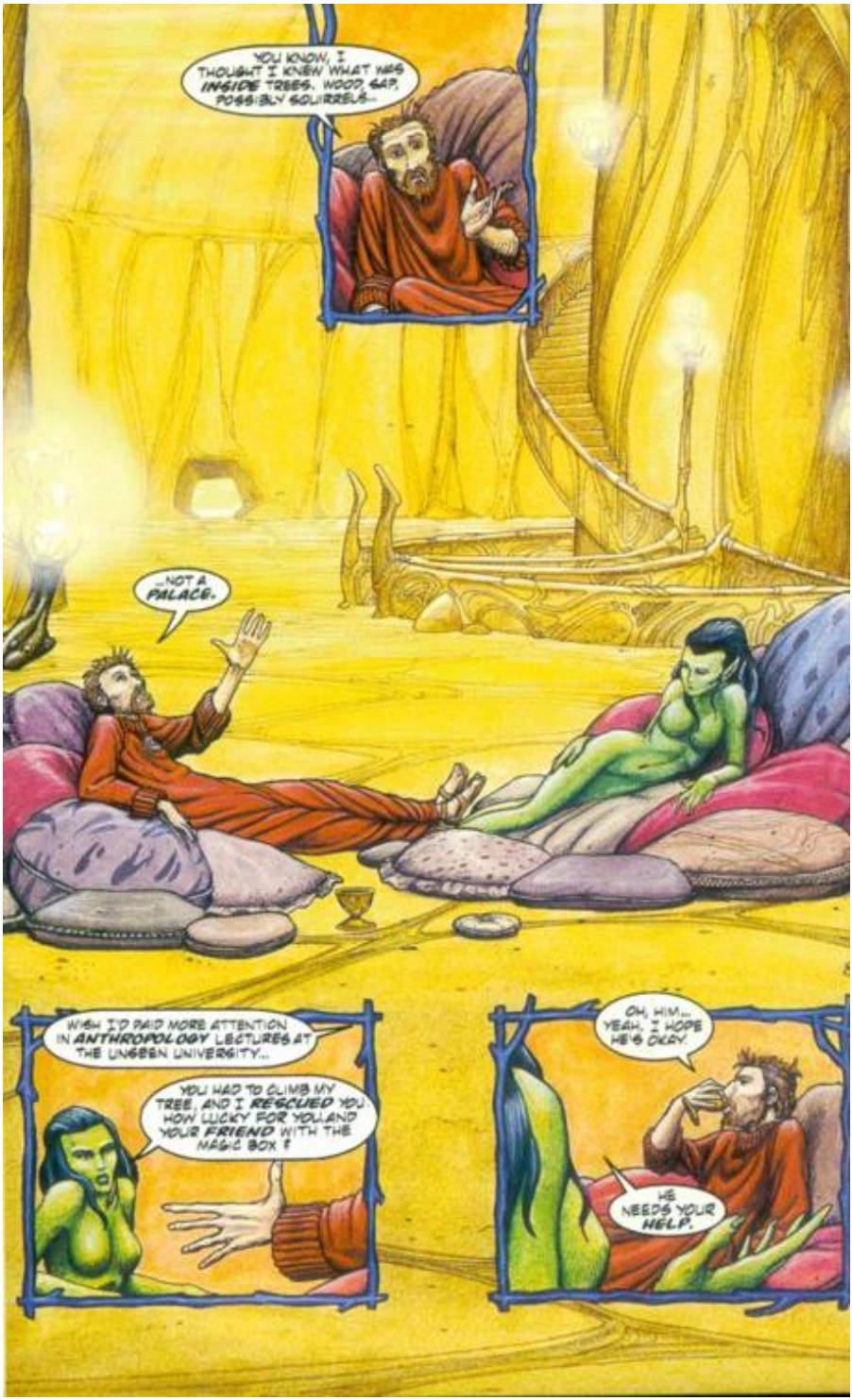

SWOOSH!
HUH?
ERSSHH
ERRRASSSHH!!

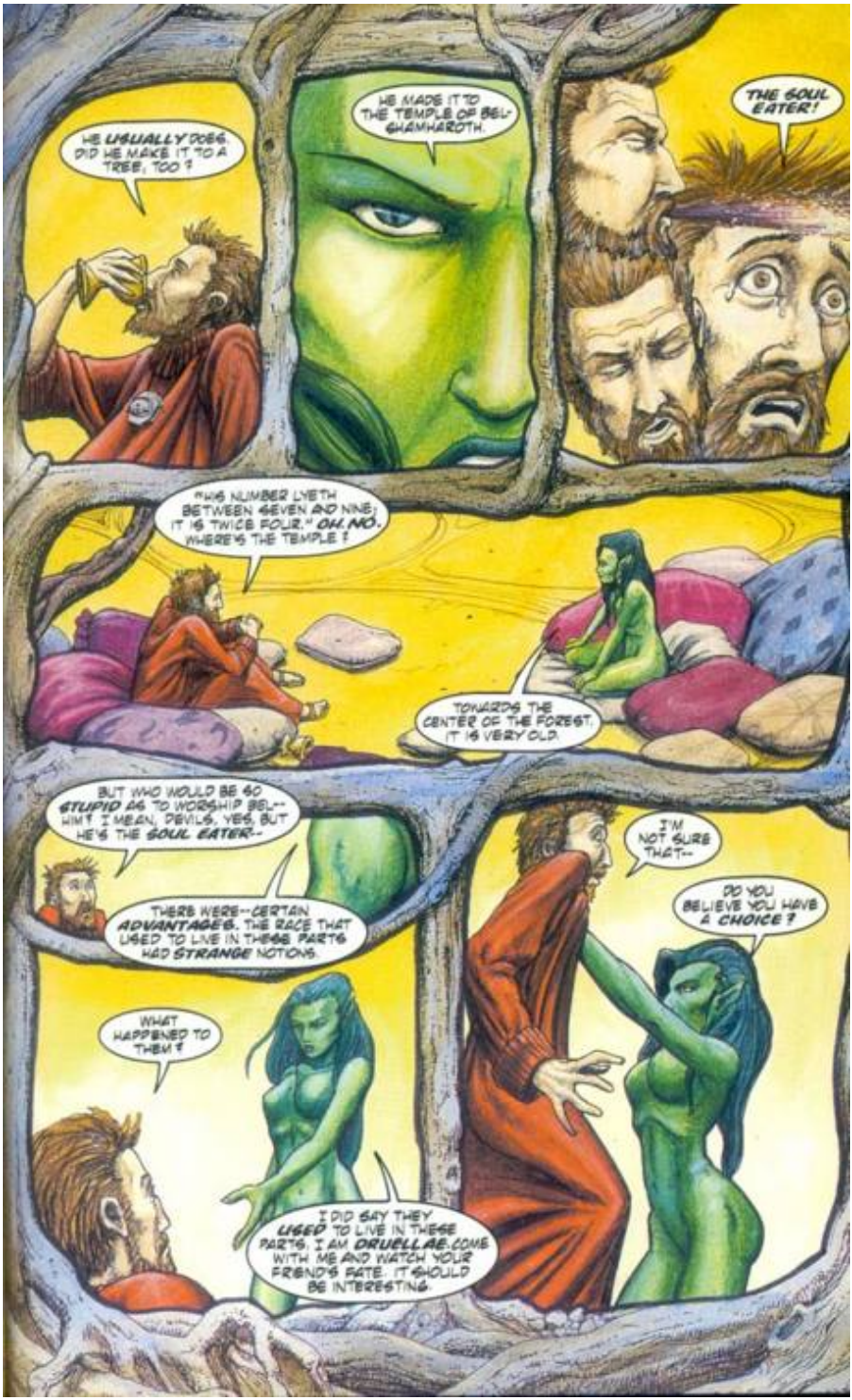
SOMETIME LATER...
RINCEWIND?
ALL RIGHT, TWOFLOWER. TRY TO THINK. FIRSTLY, I'M LOST. THAT'S VEXING. MY LUGGAGE IS MISSING. THAT'S ANNOYING.
IT'S ALSO STARTING TO RAIN... PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA NOT TO HANG ABOUT IN THE OPEN.
WHAT SORT OF ACCOMODATIONS DO FORESTS OFFER? PERHAPS A GINGERBREAD HOUSE?
MY, THIS STONE IS REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.
TRAVELLER
THE HOSPITABLE TEMPLE OF BEL-SHAMHAROTH LIES ONE THOUSAND PACES HUBWARD
THIS BEL-SHAMHAROTH SEEMS PREPARED TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO HELP STRANDED TRAVELLERS.
...AND ANYWAY, THOSE SLEEPING WOLVES I DISTURBED EARLIER MIGHT BE ALONG ANY TIME.
TRAVELLER
TRAVELLER
TRAVELLER
YIYIYIYIYIYIYIYI
TRAVELLER

MEANWHILE, ABOUT THREE MILES AWAY...
WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING FOR?
I CAN.
I CAN'T HELP IT. NOW WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO LET GO? I CAN'T HANG AROUND ALL DAY.
IT WON'T HURT.
WON'T HURT?! BEING TORN APART BY WOLVES WON'T HURT?

GRRRRAACKKK!
JUST MY LUCK. I SHOULD LAND RIGHT ON THE BIGGEST WOLF.
OOOFF! WHAT THE-?
RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE
CHICK
SNAP!
SIGH. IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME.

IO'S OUT OF THE GAME. AT LEAST OEFLER TOOK THE LOSS OF THE TROLL WITH GRACE.
LADY.
LORD.
AHHH... THE SOUL OF A TRUE HERO.
AND NO CHEATING, LADY.
NO ONE. YET EVERYONE TRIES.
NOW PLAY.


YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT WAS INSIDE TREES. WOOD, SAP, POSSIBLY SQUIRRELS...
...NOT A PALACE.
WISH I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION IN ANTHROPOLOGY LECTURES AT THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...
YOU HAD TO CLIMB MY TREE, AND I RESCUED YOU HOW LUCKY FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WITH THE MAGIC BOX !
OH, HIM... YEAH, I HOPE HE'S OKAY.
HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.


HE USUALLY DOES. DID HE MAKE IT TO A TREE, TOO?
HE MADE IT TO THE TEMPLE OF BEL-SHANHAROTH.
THE SOUL EATER!
"HIS NUMBER LYETH BETWEEN SEVEN AND NINE; IT IS TWICE FOUR." OH, NO. WHERE'S THE TEMPLE?
TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE FOREST. IT IS VERY OLD.
BUT WHO WOULD BE SO STUPID AS TO WORSHIP BEL-- WAIT. I MEAN, DEVILS. YES, BUT HE'S THE SOUL EATER--
I'M NOT SURE THAT--
THERE WERE--CERTAIN ADVANTAGES. THE RACE THAT USED TO LIVE IN THESE PARTS HAD STRANGE NOTIONS.
DO YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE A CHOICE?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
I DID SAY THEY USED TO LIVE IN THESE PARTS. I AM DRUELLAE. COME WITH ME AND WATCH YOUR FRIEND'S FATE. IT SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

THAT SOUND... LIKE FAR OFF THUNDER OR A DISTANT WATERFALL..
IT'S THE TREE.
WHAT'S IT DOING?
LIVING.
ARE WE REALLY IN A TREE? HAVE I BEEN REDUCED IN SIZE? I MEAN, OUTSIDE IT LOOKED NARROW ENOUGH FOR ME TO PUT MY ARMS AROUND
IT IS. I CAN SEE INTO YOUR MIND, FALSE WIZARD! AM I NOT A DRYAD?
WHAT YOU BELITTLE BY THE NAME TREE IS BUT THE MERE FOUR-DIMENSIONAL ANALOGUE OF A WHOLE MULTIDIMENSIONAL UNIVERSE?
I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT YOU WEREN'T A REAL WIZARD WHEN I SAW THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A STAFF.
LOST IT IN A FIRE.
NO HAT WITH MAGIC SIGILS EMBROIDERED ON IT.
IT BLEW OFF
NO FAMILIAR.
IT DIED. LOOK, THANKS FOR RESCUING ME, BUT IF YOU COULD SHOW ME THE WAY OUT--

AHEM. I'M NOT REALLY AM I?
I'M CAPTURED, RIGHT?
YOU HURT THE TREE. BUT YOU ARE LUCKY..
YOUR FRIEND IS GOING TO MEET BEL-SHAMHAROTH. YOU WILL ONLY DIE.
WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CEREMONY, OF COURSE...
O, INCOMPETENT WIZARD. SEE SOME MAGIC. NOT YOUR WEASEL-FACED TAME MAGIC, BUT ROOT AND BRANCH MAGIC. WILD MAGIC. WATCH.

RINCEWIND KNEW THAT THE TEMPLE OF BEL-SHAMHAROTH WOULD HAVE EIGHT SIDES.
EIGHT WAS ALSO THE NUMBER OF BEL-SHAMHAROTH, WHICH IS WHY NO SENSIBLE WIZARD WOULD MENTION IT.
RINCEWIND'S ROOM NUMBER IN HIS RESIDENCE HALL AT THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY HAD BEEN 7A.
HE HADN'T BEEN SURPRISED.
THE GENDER OF EIGHT HAS TWO FOR DINNER IT SEEMS. WHO DOES THAT STEED BELONG TO, FALSE WIZARD?

NO MATTER. WE SHALL SEE SOON ENOUGH.
I'VE NO IDEA.
THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THAT SHAPE.
HRUN THE BARBARIAN
HE WAS ONE OF THE CIRCLE SEA'S MORE DURABLE HEROES: FIGHTER OF DRAGONS, DESPOILER OF TEMPLES, HIRED SWORD... THE KINGPOST OF EVERY STREET BRAWL.
HE COULD EVEN, UNLIKE MANY HEROES, SPEAK WORDS OF MORE THAN TWO SYLLABLES, IF GIVEN TIME AND A HINT OR TWO.
IN RINCEWIND'S EXPERIENCE, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE NORMAL BALANCE OF THE UNIVERSE RESTORED ITSELF AND STARTED DOING TERRIBLE THINGS TO HIM.
STOP HIM!

HRUN'S SWORD, KRING, WAS FORGED FROM A THUNDERBOLT AND HAS A SOUL. BUT SUFFERS NO SLABBARD.
HRUN HAD STOLEN IT ONLY THREE DAYS BEFORE, AND WAS ALREADY BEGINNING TO REGRET IT.
I TELL YOU IT WENT DOWN THAT PASSAGE ON THE RIGHT.
BE SILENT!
ALL I SAID WAS...
SHUT UP!
HRUN'S EARLIER CONFUSION WAS GONE. THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY A MAGICAL TEMPLE, AND THAT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.
IT EXPLAINED WHY, EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON, HE HAD ESPIED A CHEST BY THE SIDE OF THE TRACK IT'S TOP WAS INVITINGLY OPEN, DISPLAYING MUCH GOLD.
BUT WHEN HE HAD APPROACHED IT, IT HAD SPROUTED LEGS AND RUN OFF INTO THE FOREST, STOPPING A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.
NOW, AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TEASING PURSUIT, HE HAD LOST IT IN THESE HELL-LIT TUNNELS.

WHOEVER DID THESE CARVINGS HAD PROBABLY BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH. FOR YEARS.
I DON'T LIKE IT.
WHY NOT?
IT'S WEIRD.
BUT YOU'RE A DEMON. I MEAN, WHAT'S WEIRD TO A DEMON?
OH, YOU KNOW... THINGS. STUFF.
WHAT THINGS?
OH, THINGS. EVIL THINGS.
THINGS WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IS THE POINT I'M BROADLY TRYING TO GET ACROSS, MASTER.
I WISH RINCEWIND WAS HERE. HE'D KNOW WHAT--
--TO DO... IS SOMEONE PLAYING DICE IN HERE?
R/ATTLER/ATTLER/ATTLER/ATTLER/ATTLER/ATTLER/ATTLER

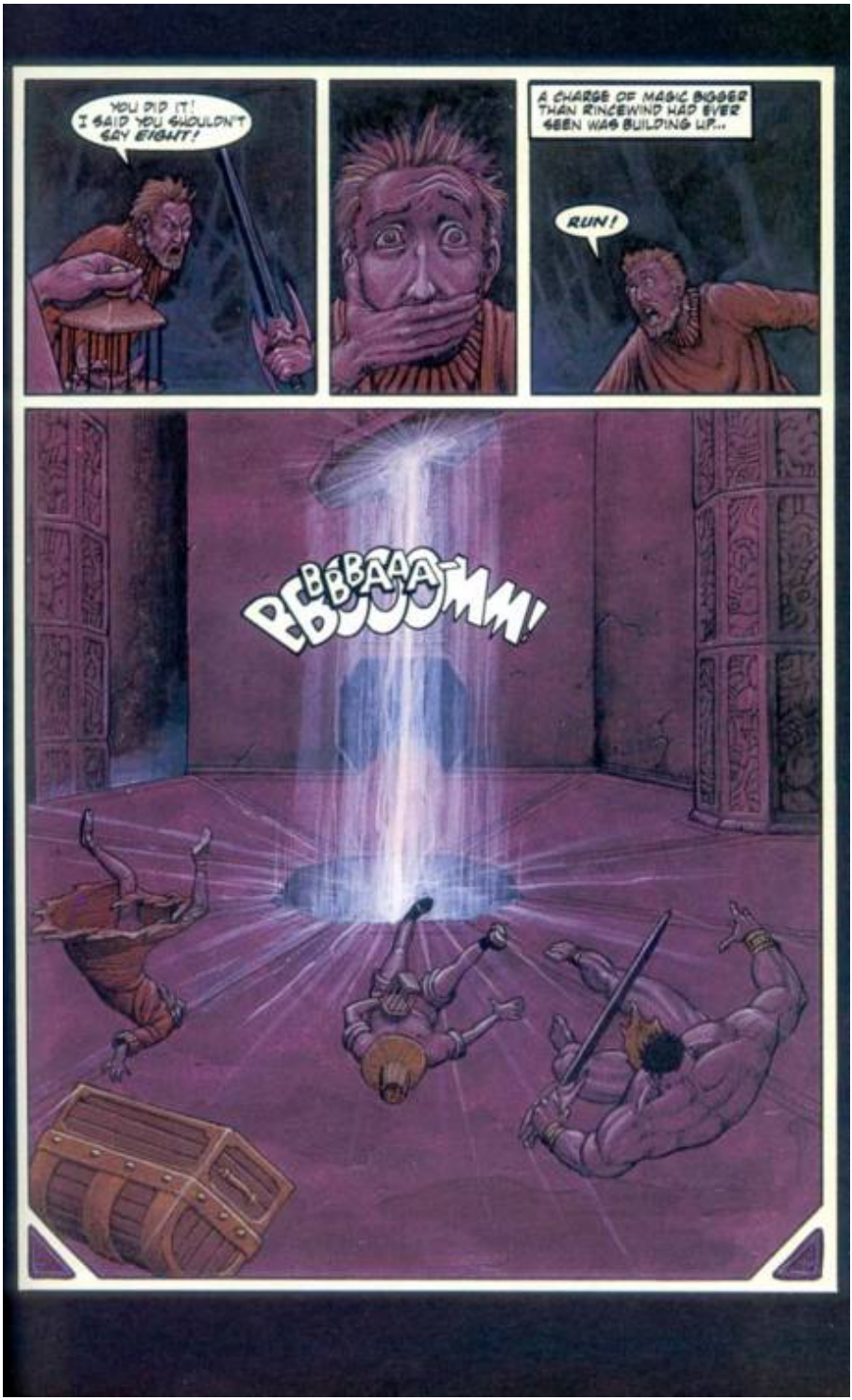
THE PHRASE "SLIVER OF A SCREAM" COMES TO MIND...
POP!!!
UNNGSHHH!

IT'S ME.
DON'T SAY IT!
DON'T SAY IT AND WE MIGHT GET OUT!
GET OUT? HOW DID YOU GET IN? DON'T YOU KNOW--
DON'T SAY IT!
SAY WHAT?
THE NUMBER!
NUMBER?
YES, NUMBER! BETWEEN SEVEN AND NINE! FOUR PLUS FOUR!!!
WHAT, B!--
SAY IT AND WE'RE DOOMED. JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. TRUST ME.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
COME ON. LET'S TRY TO GET OUT.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WE'RE DOOMED. I TELL YOU, THIS PLACE IS A SPIDERWEB. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY WE GO, WE'LL END UP AT THE CENTER.
IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO COME LOOKING FOR ME, ANYWAY. HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT ? IT WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE.
OH, WELL, I JUST THOUGHT, " I CAN'T LEAVE OLD TWOFLOWER THERE--"
SO WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS FIND THIS BEL-SHAMHARATH PERSON AND EXPLAIN THINGS TO HIM AND PERHAPS HE'LL LET US OUT.
FIND BEL-SHAMHARATH ?
WE DON'T HAVE TO GET INVOLVED.
FIND THE SOUL RENDER AND NOT GET INVOLVED ?! JUST GIVE HIM A NOD AND ASK THE WAY TO THE EXIT ?
EXPLAIN THINGS TO THE RENDER OF SIGNNNNWHH--

YOU'RE INSANE! HEY!
COME BACK!
HEY, RINGWIND! LOOK WHAT'S HERE!
GREAT.
FINE.
IT CAN LEAD US OUT OF HERE.
NOW.
YES, AFTER I'VE TAKEN A FEW PICTURES. JUST LET ME FIT THE ATTACHMENT--
I SAID NOW--!
AH, AHA. HRUN, HAVN'T IT?
THAT.
MINE.

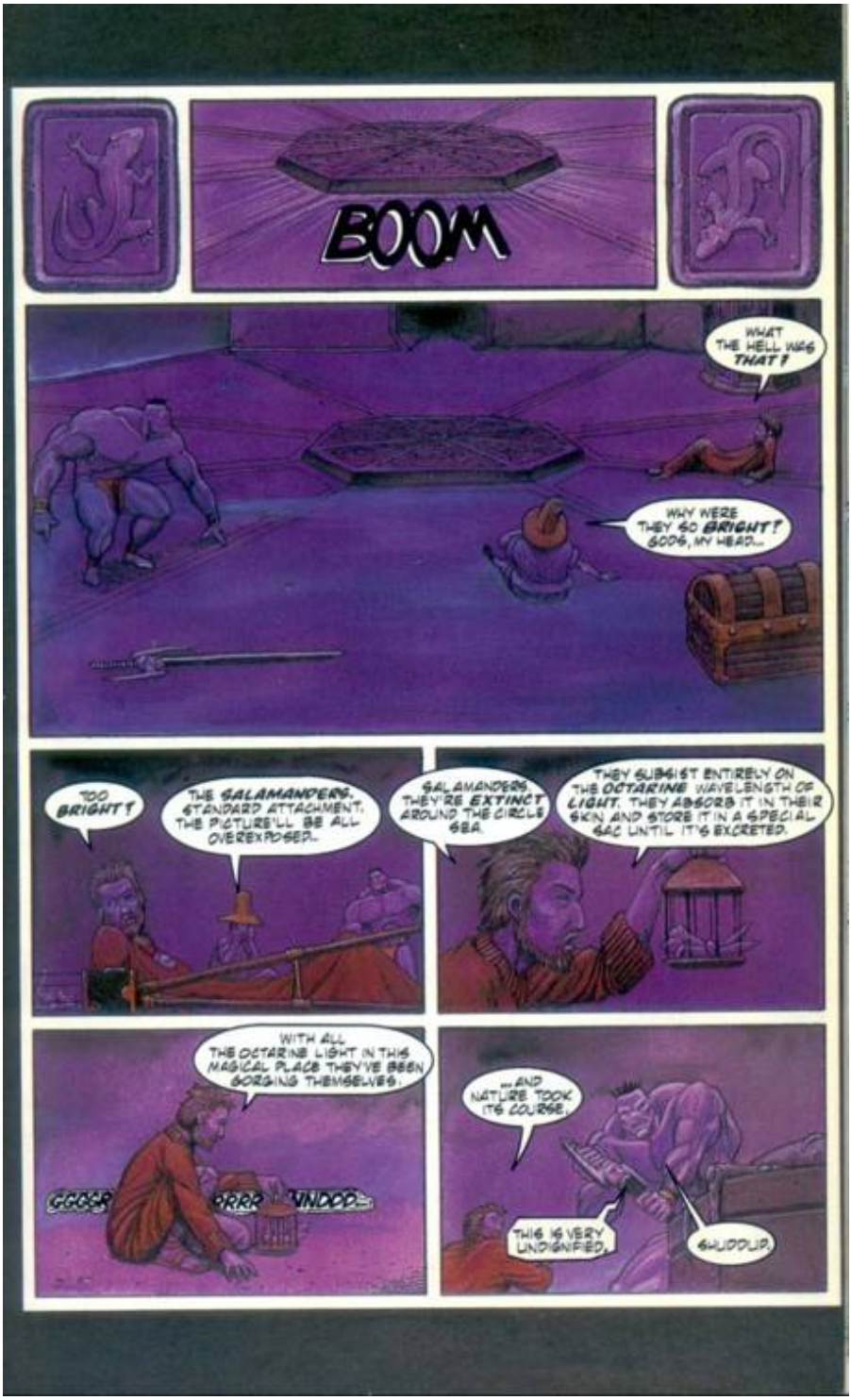
IT BELONGS TO TWOFLOWER, HERE. HERE'S A TIP-- DON'T TOUCH IT.
HRUN, THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD TELL YOU.
WHAT?
IT'S ABOUT NUMBERS. LOOK, YOU KNOW IF YOU ADD SEVEN AND ONE, OR TAKE TWO FROM TEN--
--YOU GET A NUMBER. WHILE YOU'RE HERE, DON'T SAY IT, AND WE MIGHT STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT ALIVE, OR MERELY DEAD.
WHO IS HE?
I AM HRUN.
WHAT?
JUST DON'T SAY THAT NUMBER, OKAY?
STRANGE. WHY CAN'T HE SAY EIGHT?
EIGHT. HATE. ATE. ATE. ATE. ATE.


YOU DID IT! I SAID YOU SHOULDN'T SAY EIGHT!
A CHARGE OF MAGIC BIGGER THAN RINCEWIND HAD EVER SEEN WAS BUILDING UP...
RUN!
BBBBAAA-MM!

IT WON'T WORK, HRUN. THE GENDER CAN MATERIALIZE TENTACLES.
I MUST GET A PICTURE OF THIS. IT'S STUPENDOUS!
COME ON, TIME TO GO ZOOM.
RUN AWAY AND LEAVE HRUN WITH THAT THING?
WHY NOT? IT'S HIS JOB!
IT COULD BE WORSE.
IT COULD BE US! COME ON!
BUT IT'LL KILL HIM!
WHAT?
HEY, IT'S GOT MY LUGGAGE!

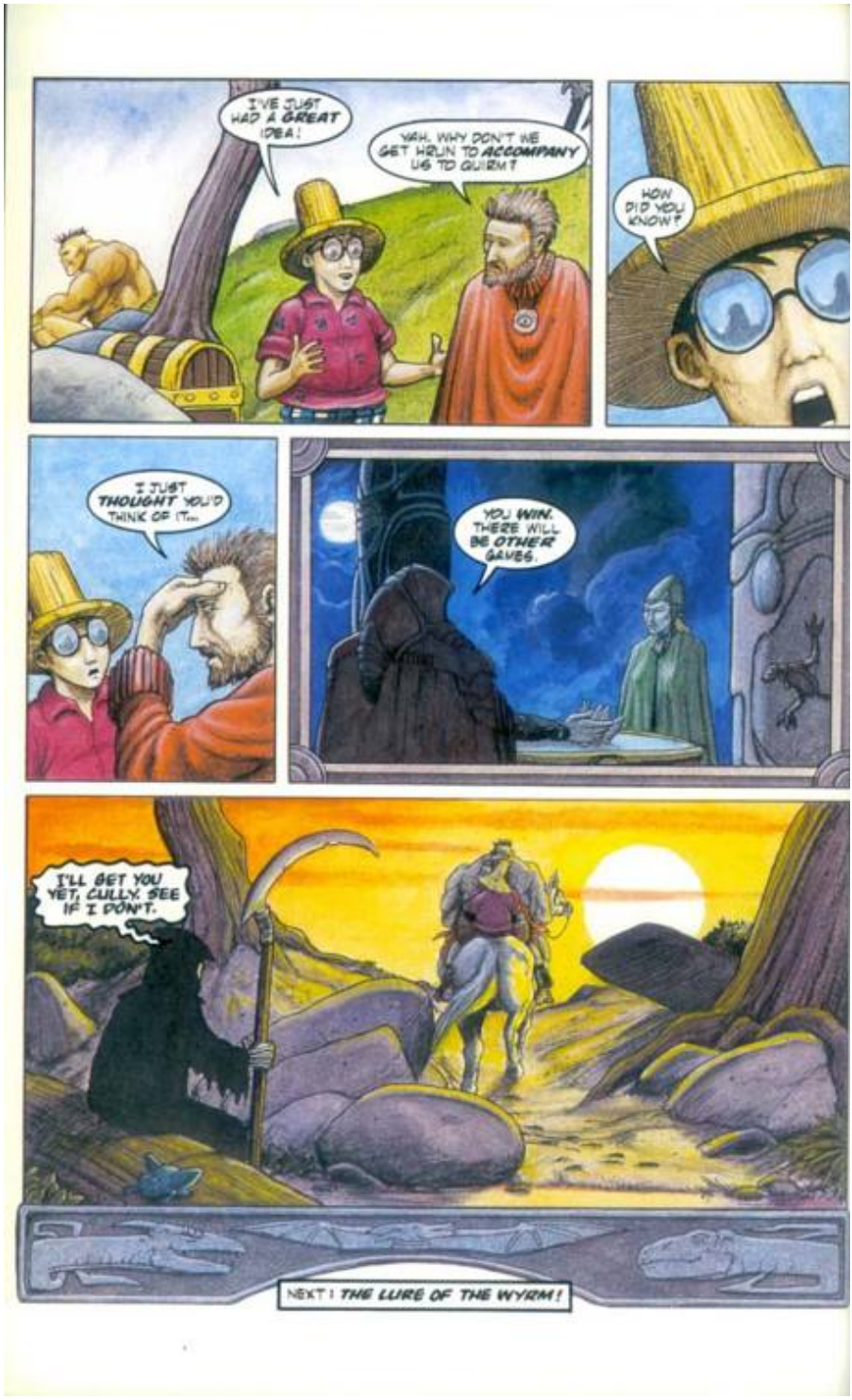
RINCEWIND! YOUR SPELL!
AT THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY WAS KEPT THE OCTAVO, GREATEST OF ALL GRIMOIRES, FORMERLY OWNED BY THE CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE.
IT WAS THIS BOOK THAT RINCEWIND HAD ONCE OPENED FOR A BET.
ONE SPELL FROM THE BOOK HAD LEAPT FROM THE PAGE AND SETTLED IN HIS MIND LIKE A TOAD ON A STONE.
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THE SPELL DOES. IT MIGHT STOP THE UNIVERSE OR END TIME.
--GAKK!

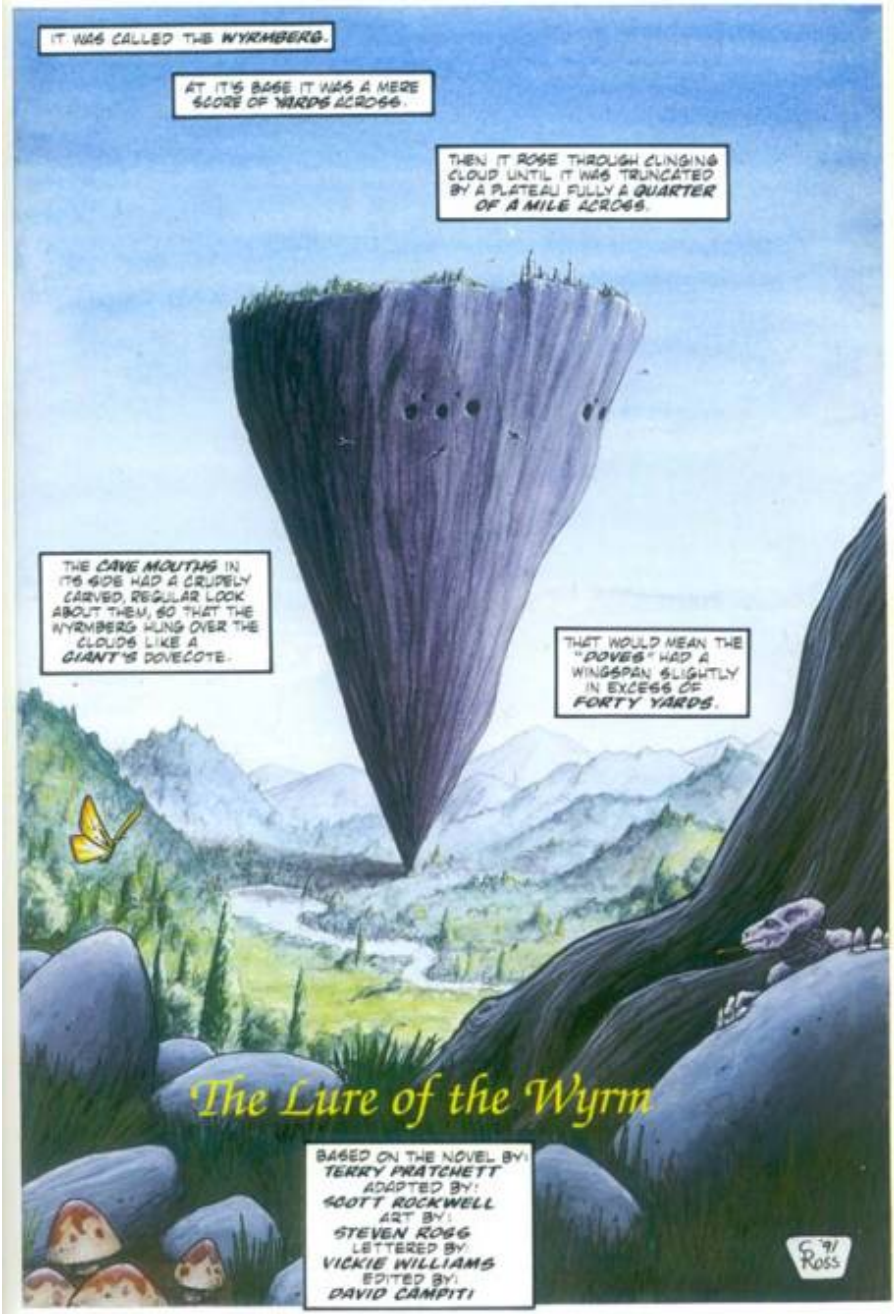
THEY'RE ABOUT RIPE NOW—CAN'T HOLD THEM ANY LONGER. EVERYBODY SMILE!
AAAAOOOORRRROOOOOAAAARRRRGGHHHHHHHH!!!!


BOOM
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
WHY WERE THEY SO BRIGHT? GOOD, MY HEAD...
TOO BRIGHT?
THE SALAMANDERS. STANDARD ATTACHMENT. THE PICTURE'LL BE ALL OVEREXPOSED..
SALAMANDERS. THEY'RE EXTINCT AROUND THE CIRCLE SEA.
THEY SUBSIST ENTIRELY ON THE OCTARINE WAVELENGTH OF LIGHT. THEY ABSORB IT IN THEIR SKIN, AND STORE IT IN A SPECIAL SAC UNTIL IT'S EXCRETED.
WITH ALL THE OCTARINE LIGHT IN THIS MAGICAL PLACE THEY'VE BEEN GORGING THEMSELVES.
GGGGR
RRRR
VNDOD
...AND NATURE TOOK ITS COURSE.
THIS IS VERY UNDIGNIFIED.
GWDDUP.

MIGHTY MAGIC. NOW WE SHARE THE TREASURE, EH?
HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S TREASURE IN THERE?
YOU FIND CHOKEAPPLES UNDER A CHOKEAPPLE TREE. YOU FIND TREASURE UNDER ALTARS.
LOGIC.
KKRRSSHH
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS WIND?! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM? WHERE'S IT BLOWING TO?!
WE'RE DOOMED! WHERE DO SHADOWS COME FROM?! THAT'S WHERE THE WIND IS BLOWING!
BEL-SHAMHAROTH'S SPIRIT IS LEAVING! THE TEMPLE IS BEING ABANDONED TO THE RAVAGES OF TIME!

IMPREGNE, ISN'T IT?
SOMETIME LATER, IN THE MOORLAND INWARDS OF THE FORMER TEMPLE...
...AND THEN I BELONGED TO THE PASHA OF RE'DURAT AND PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN THE BATTLE OF GREAT NEF, WHERE I RECEIVED THE SLIGHT NICK YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY UP MY BLADE...
I WONDER HOW TRUSTWORTHY HRUN WILL BE, HERE IN THE WILDS, WITH TROLLS ABOUT.
...SOME INFIDEL WAS WEARING AN OCTARINE COLLAR, MOST UNSPORTING. AM I BORING YOU?
HUH? OH, NO... IT'S ALL VERY INTERESTING.
RINCEWIND!
I COULD SEE YOU WERE A CULTURED PERSON. WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO BE IS A PLOUGHSHARE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE AN EXISTENCE WITH SOME POINT TO IT...


I'VE JUST HAD A GREAT IDEA!
YAH. WHY DON'T WE GET HRUN TO ACCOMPANY US TO GUIRM?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D THINK OF IT...
YOU WIN. THERE WILL BE OTHER GAMES.
I'LL BET YOU YET, CULLY. SEE IF I DON'T.
NEXT! THE LURE OF THE WYRM!


IT WAS CALLED THE WYRMBERG.
AT ITS BASE IT WAS A MERE SCORE OF YARDS ACROSS.
THEN IT ROSE THROUGH CLINGING CLOUD UNTIL IT WAS TRUNCATED BY A PLATEAU FULLY A QUARTER OF A MILE ACROSS.
THE CAVE MOUTHS IN ITS SIDE HAD A CRUDELY CARVED, REGULAR LOOK ABOUT THEM, SO THAT THE WYRMBERG HUNG OVER THE CLOUDS LIKE A GIANT'S DOVECOTE.
THAT WOULD MEAN THE "DOVES" HAD A WINGSPAN SLIGHTLY IN EXCESS OF FORTY YARDS.
The Lure of the Wyrm
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY: TERRY PRATCHETT
ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
ART BY: STEVEN ROGG
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPITI
©'91 ROSS

I KNEW IT. WE'RE IN A STRONG MAGICAL FIELD.
LOOKS ALRIGHT TO ME.
TRY TOSSING A COIN.
HOKAY. IF IT GIVES YOU ANY PLEASURE.
YOU CALL. HEADS OR..
SOME SORT OF FISH WITH LEGS.
EDGE.

MAGIC NEVER DIES, IT MERELY FADES AWAY.
NOWHERE IS THAT MORE EVIDENT THAN IN THOSE AREAS THAT HAD BEEN THE SCENES OF THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE MAGE WARS.
IN THOSE DAYS, MAGIC IN ITS RAW STATE HAD BEEN WIDELY AVAILABLE AND EAGERLY UTILISED.
DISC PHILOSOPHERS AGREE THAT THE FIRST MEN, SHORTLY AFTER THEIR CREATION, UNDERSTANDABLY LOST THEIR TEMPERS.
THE SUN WHEELED ACROSS THE SKY, THE SEAS BOILED, SMALL WHITE DOVES APPEARED IN PEOPLE'S CLOTHING.
THE VERY STABILITY OF THE DISC WAS THREATENED.
THIS RESULTED IN STERN ACTION BY THE OLD HIGH ONES, TO WHOM EVEN THE GODS WERE ANSWERABLE.
THE GODS WERE BANISHED TO THE HIGH PLACES, AND MEN WERE RECREATED A GOOD DEAL SMALLER.
MUCH OF THE OLD, WILD MAGIC WAS SUCKED OUT OF THE EARTH.
THAT DID NOT SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THOSE PLACES THAT HAD SUFFERED A DIRECT HIT BY A SPELL.
THE MAGIC FADED AWAY SLOWLY, SEVERELY DISTORTING THE REALITY AROUND IT.

EDGE IT IS. WELL, YOU'RE A WIZARD. SO WHAT?
I DON'T DO THAT KIND OF SPELL.
YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T.
TRY IT AGAIN.
DINK
SPANG!
HEY! THAT ONE WAS SILVER!
WHAT?
WE'VE STRAYED INTO A ZONE WITH A HIGH MAGICAL INDEX. IF WE RETRACE OUR STEPS, WE MIGHT MAKE IT.
WOOOOSSSSHHHH!!

WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?
HEADING RIMWARDS AT SPEED. THEY STILL HAVE THE BOX ON LEGS.
HEH HEH. SAPIENT PEARWOOD. REMARKABLE. YES, I THINK WE'LL HAVE THAT.
PLEASE SEE TO IT, MY DEAR--BEFORE THEY GO BEYOND YOUR POWER, PERHAPS?
SILENCE! OR--
OR WHAT, LIESSA? YOU KILLED ME ONCE ALREADY, YOU KNOW.
MY POWER WILL BE QUITE SUFFICIENT.
AS YOU KEEP ASSURING ME.
THE THRONE OF THE WYRMBERG IS RIGHTFULLY MINE, NO MATTER WHAT TRADITION SAYS!
IF I'D BEEN A MAN, THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

I THOUGHT WE SAID NO UNACCOMPANIED FLIGHTS.
THE PIG WAS VERY ENJOYABLE. I WAS HUNGRY, LIESSA.

CURB YOUR HUNGER.
SOON THERE WILL BE HORSES TO EAT.
THE REINS STICK IN OUR TEETH ARE THERE ANY WARRIORS ?
WE LIKE WARRIORS.
THE WARRIOR IS MINE. THERE ARE A COUPLE OF OTHERS YOU CAN HAVE. ONE APPEARS TO BE A WIZARD...
..OF SORTS.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH WIZARDS...

...HALF AN HOUR LATER YOU COULD DO WITH ANOTHER ONE.
THEY'RE GAINING!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO SEE DRAGONS!
NO BLOODY LIZARD DOES THAT TO ME!
COME ON!
BUT THE DRAGONS!
BLAST THE--
FROM THE INSIDE?
SHUT UP AND RIDE! THE DRAGONS CAN'T FLY UNDER THOSE TREES!
OOooFFF!!!

OOOO...
UH-OH...
HOW MUCH DAMAGE CAN A HALF-GOLID DRAGON DO? WILL IT ONLY HALF KILL ME?
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO STAY AND FIND OUT.
ABOUT A MILE LATER...
WHEW.
PGGGGGTTT...

DON'T JUST STAND THERE. PULL ME OUT.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS?
OH, THE DRAGONS GOT THEM. AND THE HORSES. AND THAT BOX THING. ME TOO, EXCEPT HRUN DROPPED ME.
I EXPECT YOU'LL BE IN A HURRY TO RESCUE THEM.
YES, WELL...
SO IF YOU'LL JUST PULL ME OUT, WE CAN BE OFF.
COULD BE WORSE. THIS COULD BE AN ANVIL.
UNNNGGGGHH! I REALLY DON'T THINK RESCUE IS--UNNGGHH... SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
I THINK WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO A CITY--
LOOK, IF YOU DON'T STOP ARGUING, I'LL CHOP YOUR HEAD OFF.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE A HERO!
I PROPOSE TO TEACH YOU.
WOSH!

HUH ?
TELL THE DRAGON THAT IF IT SINGES ME I'LL LET THE SWORD GO ! I WILL ! I'LL LET IT GO !
WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS ? THE BARBARIAN AND THE LITTLE MAN, I MEAN !
I EXPECT THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN TO THE WYRMBERG.
RIGHT, THEN. YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME THERE.
I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOU IN DEAD.
IF WE'RE TALKING ABOUT ANYBODY BEING DEAD, REMEMBER WHOSE SWORD IS IN WHICH HAND.

YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO GO ON THAT ?!
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY. IT'S FLY OR NOTHING.
I DIDN'T KNOW DRAGONS COULD BE SEEN THROUGH!
DIDN'T YOU ?
YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE ?
NOT AS SUCH, NO.
BEHOLD THE WYRMBERG!
OH NO

WELL, ANY SUGGESTIONS?
OBVIOUSLY, YOU ATTACK.
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT? COULD IT BE BECAUSE THEY HAVE CROSSBOWS?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO DIE NOW, OR SURRENDER FIRST?
SURRENDER.
OF COURSE HE WON'T. HE'S A HERO, ISN'T HE?!
I AM LIO!RT DRAGONLORD. YOU MUST HAVE COME HERE TO CHALLENGE ME TO MORTAL COMBAT.
HELP HIM INTO A PAIR OF HOOKBOOTS.

NO, LOOK. I JUST CAME HERE TO FIND MY FRIENDS--
YOU WILL SEE YOUR FRIENDS SOON ENOUGH.
IF YOU'RE RELIGIOUS, I MEAN.
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO!
REMEMBER THAT I AM A MAGIC SWORD.
WE FIGHT TO THE DEATH, YOU'RE.
AND I SUPPOSE I EARN MY FREEDOM IF I WIN.
DON'T BE NAIVE.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD WARN YOU THAT THIS IS A MAGIC SWORD.
WHAT A COINCIDENCE.

KLANNG!
RINCEWIND KNEW HIMSELF TO BE THE WORST WIZARD ON THE DISCWORLD.
YET HE WAS STILL A WIZARD--
--AND THIS MEANT THAT ON HIS DEMISE, DEATH HIMSELF WOULD APPEAR TO CLAIM HIM.
TIME RAN INTO TREACLE.
DAMN!

I EXPECT IT'S ALL SOME SORT OF MISUNDERSTANDING. THEY SEEM VERY CIVILIZED.
AND WHEN WE GET BACK, WE CAN SAY WE'VE SEEN DRAGONS!
DRAGONS DON'T EXIST. CODICE OF CHIMERIA KILLED THE LAST ONE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
BUT THEY CARRIED US UP IN THE AIR! IN THAT HALL THERE MUST HAVE BEEN HUNDREDS—
I EXPECT IT WAS JUST MAGIC.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
OH, I EXPECT IN A MINUTE I'LL BE DRAGGED OUT TO FIGHT A COUPLE OF GIANT SPIDERS AND AN EIGHT-FOOT SLAVE—
THEN I'LL RESCUE SOME PRINCESS AND KILL OFF A FEW GUARDS, THEN THE GIRLS WILL SHOW ME THE SECRET PASSAGE OUT AND WE'LL ESCAPE WITH THE TREASURE
ALL THAT?
USUALLY.

DRAGONS!
EVER SINCE I WAS TWO, I'VE BEEN CAPTIVATED BY THE PICTURES OF THEM IN THE OCTARINE FAIRY BOOK.
MY SISTER SAID THEY DIDN'T EXIST, BUT IF THE WORLD DIDN'T CONTAIN THOSE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, IT WASN'T HALF THE WORLD IT SHOULD BE.
THEN I WAS BOUND APPRENTICE TO NINEREEDS, THE MASTER ACCOUNTANT, AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR DREAMING.
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THESE DRAGONS. THEY'RE TOO SMALL AND SLEEK--
SKRCH SKRCH
WHAT WAS THAT?
HRUN?
ZZZZZZZ--

SLAMM!!!
ZZZzzz...
ZZZz--
GNGH?
SO YOU PASS THE FIRST TEST WHAT IS YOUR NAM BARBARIAN?

I AM HRUN, OF CHIMERIA. AND YOU?
LIEGGA DRAGONLADY.
YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF A HIRED SWORD, HRUN. I COULD USE YOU -- IF YOU PASS THE THREE TESTS YOU HAVE PASSED THE FIRST.
WHAT ARE THE OTHER--
--TWO?
PERILOUS.
EXCUSE ME...
AND IF I FAIL THESE TESTS?
IF YOU'D FAILED THE FIRST, YOU'D BE DEAD. THIS MAY BE CONSIDERED A TYPICAL PENALTY.
UH, LOOK...

TAKE THAT ANGY.
HEY!
WHERE--
IS MY--
LUGGAGE!?
OKEY--WHAT IS THE SECOND TEST?
YOU MUST KILL MY TWO BROTHERS
THEN YOU WED ME AND BECOME LORD OF THE WYRMBERG.
BOTH AT THE SAME TIME, OR ONE AFTER THE OTHER?
CONSECUTIVELY OR CONCURRENTLY.
WHAT?
JUST KILL THEM.
SO, WHERE ARE THESE BROTHERS?

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?
DAYS, PROBABLY.
PERHAPS IT'S BEEN YEARS, AND I'VE SIMPLY FORGOTTEN.
NO, THAT SORT OF THINKING WON'T DO. TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE -- GRASS, TREES.. DRAGONS.
...DRAGONS.
SOMETHING'S IN THE CELL WITH ME.
I WISH I HAD A LIGHT!
I OBEY, LORD.
OBEY?
OF COURSE, LORD.

OPEN IT!
SSSSSS
SSSSSS
SSSSS
KRRSSSHH!!
KRZZ
YOU MEAN I JUST THOUGHT OF YOU AND THERE YOU WERE.
YES.
IT WAS MAGIC?
YES.
HOW DID YOU GET IN THERE?
YOU SUMMONED ME, MASTER.

BUT I'VE THOUGHT OF DRAGONS ALL MY LIFE!
IN THIS PLACE, THE FRONTIER BETWEEN THOUGHT AND REALITY IS A LITTLE CONFUSED.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT ONCE I WAS NOT, THEN YOU THOUGHT ME, THEN I WAS. I AM YOURS TO COMMAND.
I THINK I'LL CALL YOU NINEREEDS.
COME IN, YOUNG MAN.
I'M DEAD, YOU KNOW.
UM, YES.
OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT? YOU'D BE TWOFLOWER, OR IS THAT LATER?
YOU SEE, ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING DEAD IS THAT ONE IS RELEASED, AS IT WERE, FROM THE NORMAL BONDS OF TIME.
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED OR WILL HAPPEN, ALL AT THE SAME TIME.
IMAGINE EVERY MOMENT BEING AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME A DISTANT MEMORY AND A NASTY SURPRISE.
THAT'S A FINE DRAGON, BY THE WAY OR DON'T I SAY THAT YET?
IT IS RATHER GOOD. IT JUST TURNED UP.
TURNED UP? YOU SUMMONED IT! YOU HAVE THE POWER!

I WAS VERY GOOD AT IT WHEN I WAS ALIVE. I COULD IMAGINE UP TO, OH, FIVE HUNDRED DRAGONS AT ONE TIME.
NOW LIESSA, THE MOST SKILLED OF MY CHILDREN, CAN BARELY IMAGINE FIFTY. SHE DOESN'T REALLY BELIEVE IN THEM.
THAT'S WHY HERS ARE RATHER BORING--WHILE YOURS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS SOME OF MINE USED TO BE.
THE DEAD DON'T, ER, YOU KNOW--TALK MUCH. AS A RULE.
I USED TO BE A POWERFUL WIZARD. MY DAUGHTER POISONED ME. BUT--
--IT SOON BECAME OBVIOUS THAT NONE OF MY THREE CHILDREN IS SUFFICIENTLY POWERFUL TO REST THE LORDSHIP FROM THE OTHERS.
MOST UNSATISFACTORY. SO I RESOLVED TO REMAIN ALIVE IN AN UNOFFICIAL CAPACITY.
LIESSA KIDNAPPED US?
HER POWER IS STRONGEST. MY SONS ARE INCAPABLE OF FLYING MORE THAN A FEW MILES BEFORE THEY FADE.
I DID NOTICE THAT WE COULD SEE THROUGH THEM. I THOUGHT THAT WAS ODD.
THE POWER ONLY WORKS NEAR THE WYRMBERG. IT'S THE INVERSE SQUARE LAW, YOU KNOW.
BUT I EXPECT YOU'LL BE WANTING TO RESCUE YOUR FRIEND...
WRUN?
NOT HIM. THE SKINNY WIZARD. MY SON LIGHT IS TRYING TO HACK HIM TO PIECES.

I ADMIRED THE WAY YOU RESCUED HIM. WILL, I MEAN.
GOOD LUCK. I SEEM TO RECALL THAT I SAID THAT. WILL SAY IT NOW, I MEAN.
I SMELL OTHER DRAGONS.
THIS IS THE ROOSTING HALL.
GOT HIM!
Ross

AT NOON, ATOP THE WYRMBERG...
AS YOU KNOW, THE NOT-FULLY-LATE LORD OF THE WYRMBERG HAS STIPULATED THAT THERE WILL BE NO SUCCESSION UNTIL ONE OF HIS CHILDREN FEELS HIMSELF--
--OR AS IT MAY BE, HERSELF POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEAT HIS OR HER SIBLINGS IN MORTAL COMBAT.
YES, YES, WE KNOW ALL THAT. GET ON WITH IT.
IT IS NOT QUITE CERTAIN WHETHER IT IS ALLOWABLE TO ISSUE A CHALLENGE BY PROXY--
IT IS, IT IS. DON'T TAKE ALL DAY ABOUT IT.
I CHALLENGE YOU, BOTH AT ONCE.
THAT'S PRETTY UNEVEN ODDS, ISN'T IT?
YAH. I OUTNUMBER YOU ONE TO TWO.
AS THE CHALLENGED PARTIES, MY LORDS HAVE THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS.
DRAGONS!

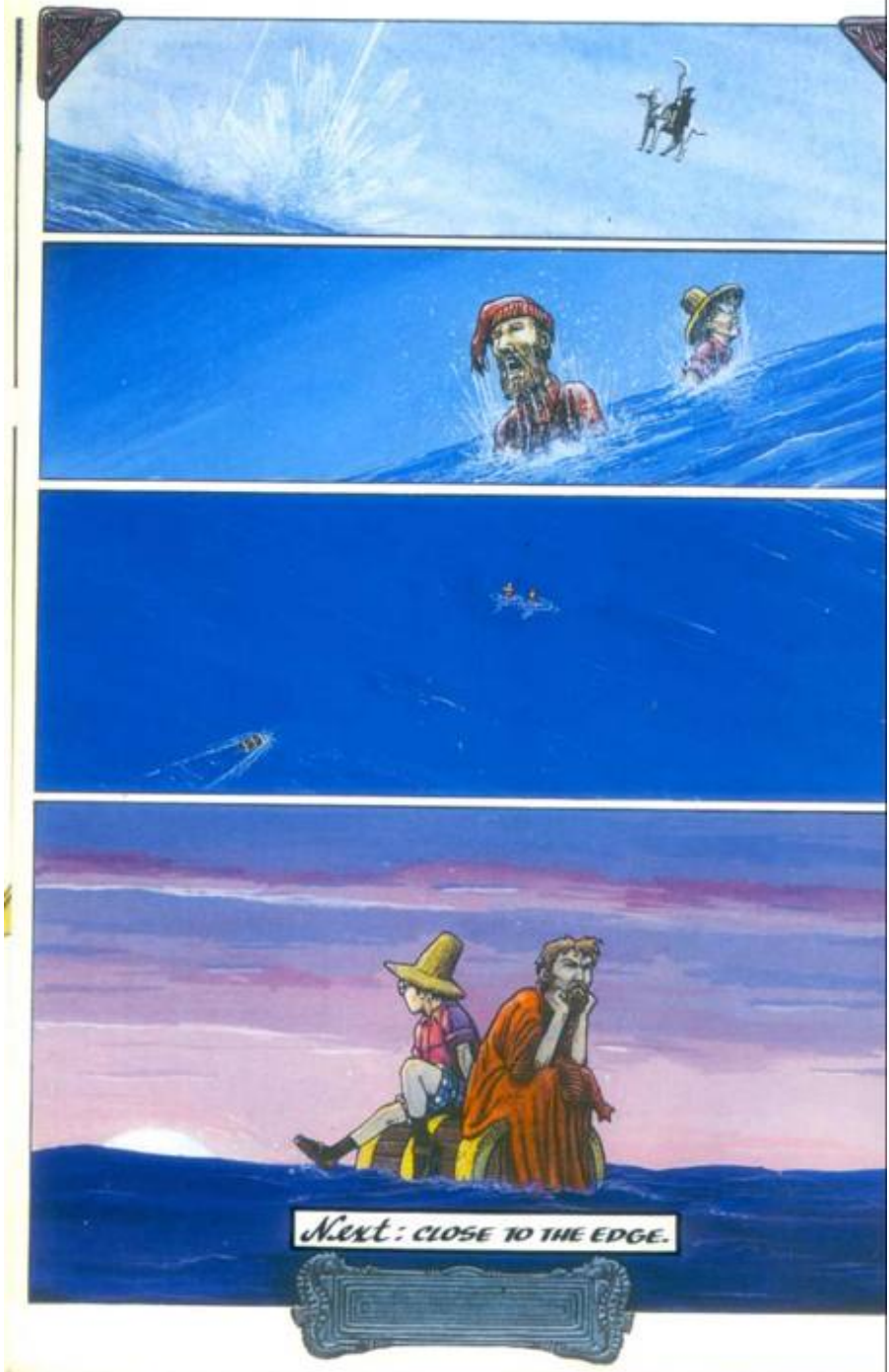
DON'T I EVEN GET A SWORD ? A KNIFE EVEN ?
NO. I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS. SORRY.
YOU'RE SORRY ! ?
HUH ! ? WHERE'D HE--?!
UNNGGGHH ! ! !

WHA--WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN...
YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TEN SECONDS TO TRY!
THE DRAGONS--THEY'RE IMAGINARY!
I'LL TELL YOU LATER!
FINE, IF YOU CAN FIND A GOOD MEDIUM!
UNLESS MY BROTHER IS CONSCIOUS, HIS DRAGON CAN'T EXIST!
RUN!
I CAN BURN YOU OUT! YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING IT, BARBARIAN!

KILL THEM!
KILLING UNCONSCIOUS PEOPLE ISN'T RIGHT.
I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE OPPORTUNE TIME.
THEN I SHALL BANISH THEM. ONCE THEY ARE BEYOND THE WYRMBERG'S MAGIC, THEY'LL HAVE NO POWER.
WHAT'S THE NEXT TEST, THEN?
I WARN YOU THAT IT IS PERILOUS. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY LEAVE NOW.
AM I TO BE WEAPONLESS AGAIN?
I THINK NOT.

YOU CLOWNS!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
DIDN'T HEAR!
I WONDER IF DRAGONS CAN FLY ALL THE WAY TO THE STARS? THAT-- WOULD BE- SOMETH--
YOU'RE GASP MAD.
WHAS-- HAPPNIN-- GASP TO-- AIR?
UNK--

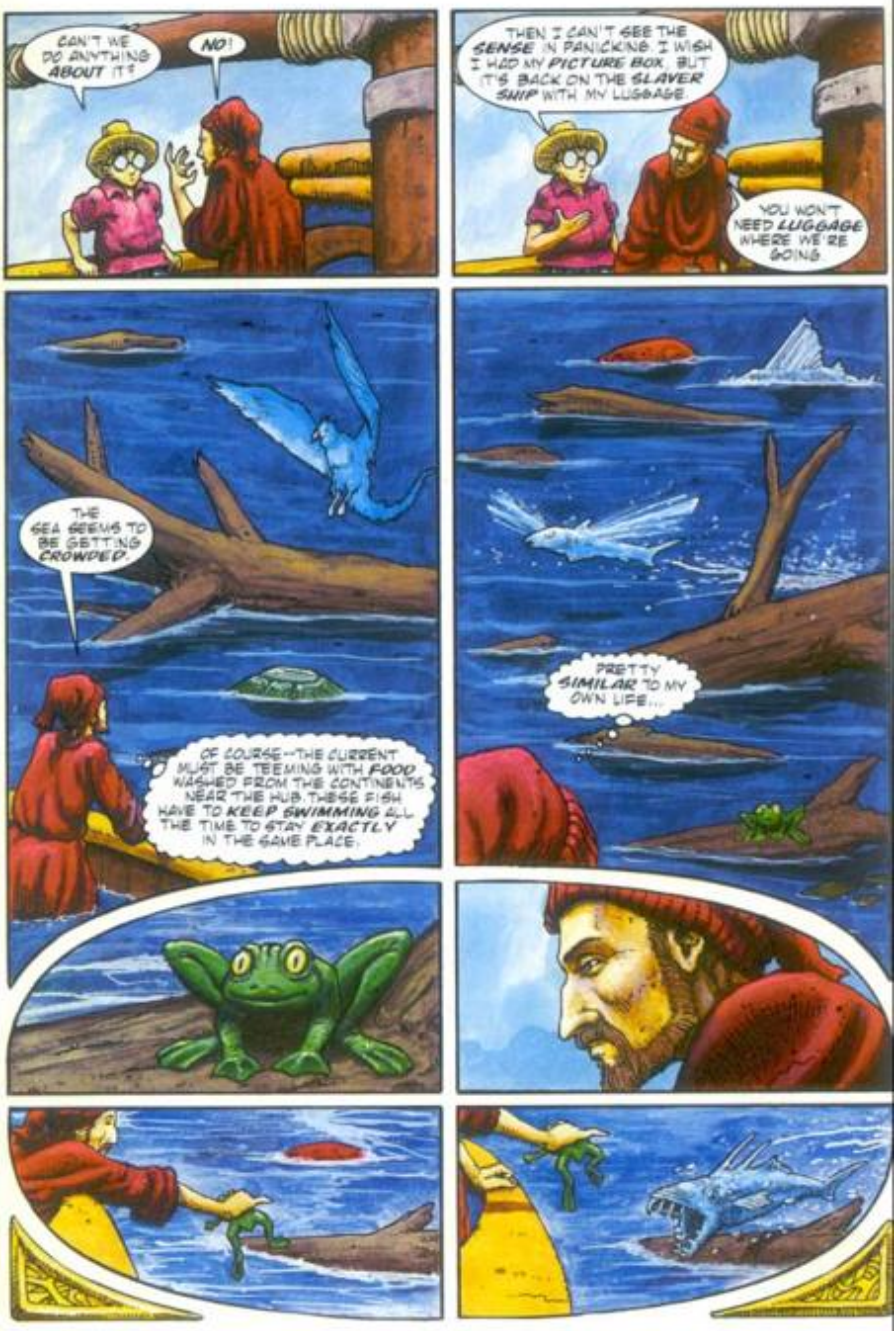
AAAAAAAAAAAAA
WAKE UP! DRAGONS! THINK OF DRAGONS!
IF HE CAN DO IT, I CAN DO IT!
DRAGONS! DRAGONS! DRAGONS!
IT WON'T WORK. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THEM.


Next: CLOSE TO THE EDGE.

Close To the Edge
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY:
TERRY PRATCHETT
ADAPTED BY:
SCOTT ROCKWELL
ART BY:
STEVE ROSS
LETTERED BY:
VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY:
DAVID CAMPITI
LIKE A FISH, A GREAT FLYING FISH. AND OF WHAT SEAS?
IT IS INDEED MAGNIFICENT.
INDEED, ARCH-ASTRONOMER.
MASTER LAUNCHCONTROLLER, ARE THE CHELONAUTS READY? AND THE PROPER PRAYERS BEING INTONED?
QUITE SO, YOUR PROMINENCE. IN THREE DAYS, GREAT A'TUIN'S TAIL WILL BE IN AN UNMATCHED POSITION.
THEN ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO FIND THE PROPER SACRIFICES.
THE OCEAN SH... PROVIDE...
YES...

"IT ALWAYS DOES."
IF ONLY YOU COULD NAVIGATE--
IF ONLY YOU COULD STEER--
KEEP BAILING!
I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S MY FAULT.
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON WATCH.
I SAVED US FROM THE SLAVERS, REMEMBER?
I'D RATHER BE A SLAVE THAN A CORPSE.
THERE IS DEFINITELY LESS HORIZON THAN THERE OUGHT TO BE.

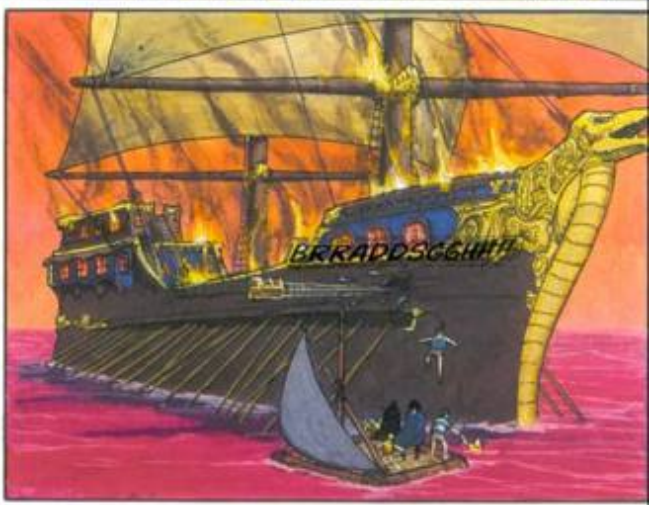
LOOK, I'M SORRY I STEERED US INTO THE REEF, BUT THIS CURRENT MUST GO SOMEWHERE.
LOOK AT THE HORIZON.
IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT.
ADMITTEDLY, THERE SEEMS TO BE LESS THAN THERE USUALLY IS, BUT--
THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE RIMFALL. WE'RE BEING CARRIED OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE ARE GOING OVER THE EDGE, GODDAMMIT!


CAN'T WE DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
NO!
THEN I CAN'T SEE THE SENSE IN PANICKING. I WISH I HAD MY PICTURE BOX. BUT IT'S BACK ON THE SLAVER SHIP WITH MY LUGGAGE.
YOU WON'T NEED LUGGAGE WHERE WE'RE GOING.
THE SEA SEEMS TO BE GETTING CROWDED.
OF COURSE--THE CURRENT MUST BE TEEMING WITH FOOD WASHED FROM THE CONTINENTS NEAR THE HUB. THESE FISH HAVE TO KEEP SWIMMING ALL THE TIME TO STAY EXACTLY IN THE SAME PLACE.
PRETTY SIMILAR TO MY OWN LIFE...

VERY HUMANITARIAN. BUT WHY? IT'LL ALL BE THE SAME IN AN HOUR
BECAUSE
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WORLD...
WHOOOOMMPPP!!!

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.
PERHAPS IT FELL OVER-BOARD.

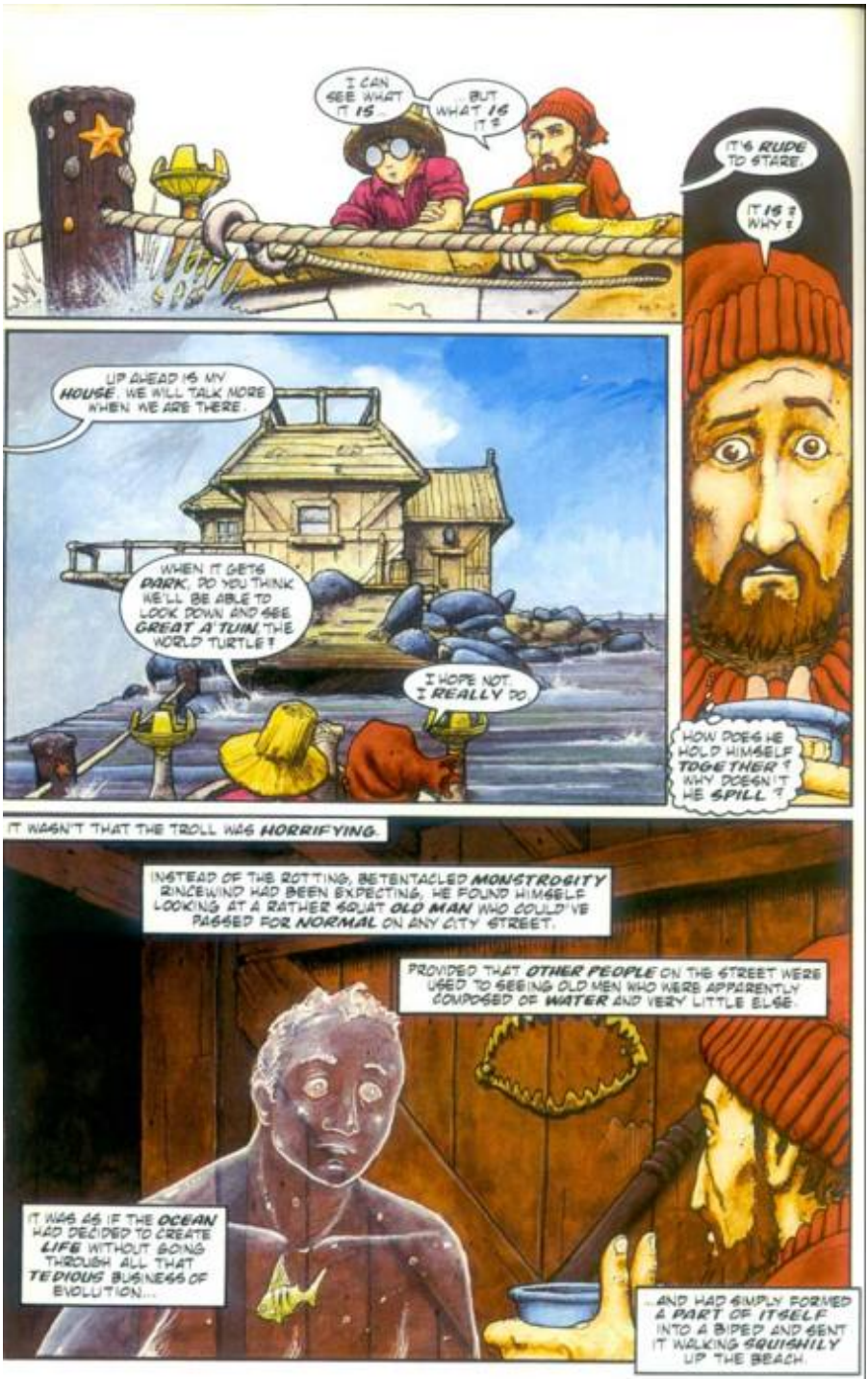
THE RAFT'S READY, LORD.
GET ABOARD! FIRE THE SHIP!


BRRADDSCGHH!!!

SIGH. AFTER ALL, A NEW SHIP WON'T BE TOO HARD TO COME BY. LET THE MAGIC BOX EAT LOBSTERS!
AYE. SOME PIRATES ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY DEEDS OF CRUELTY OR DERRING-DO. SOME ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY AMASSING GREAT WEALTH.

BUT I LONG AGO DECIDED THAT I WOULD, ON THE WHOLE, PREFER TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY NOT DYING.

GWahhg...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
IT'S BEAUTIFUL
TWOFLOWER IF I TURN AROUND WHAT WILL I SEE?
HIS NAME IS TETHIS. HE'S A SEA TROLL. THIS IS HIS BOAT. HE RESCUED US.
IT IS THE RIMBOW. AND YOU ARE FORTUNATE INDEED TO BE LOOKING AT IT.
FROM ABOVE, AT ANY RATE.
WILL YOU LOOK AROUND NOW?
NOT JUST AT THE MOMENT, THANK YOU. SO WHY AREN'T WE GOING OVER THE EDGE?
BECAUSE YOUR BOAT HIT THE CIRCUM FENCE. IT RUNS ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
AH. YOU MEAN THE CIRCUMFERENCE. THE CIRCUMFERENCE MAKES THE EDGE OF THINGS.
SO DOES THE CIRCUMFENCE
HE MEANS THIS.


I CAN SEE WHAT IT IS.
BUT WHAT IS IT?
IT'S RUDE TO STARE.
IT IS? WHY?
UP AHEAD IS MY HOUSE. WE WILL TALK MORE WHEN WE ARE THERE.
WHEN IT GETS DARK, DO YOU THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO LOOK DOWN AND SEE GREAT A'TUIN, THE WORLD TURTLE?
I HOPE NOT. I REALLY DO
HOW DOES HE HOLD HIMSELF TOGETHER? WHY DOESN'T HE SPILL?
IT WASN'T THAT THE TROLL WAS HORRIFYING.
INSTEAD OF THE ROTTING, BETENTACLED MONSTROSITY RINCEWIND HAD BEEN EXPECTING, HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING AT A RATHER SQUAT OLD MAN WHO COULD'VE PASSED FOR NORMAL ON ANY CITY STREET.
PROVIDED THAT OTHER PEOPLE ON THE STREET WERE USED TO SEEING OLD MEN WHO WERE APPARENTLY COMPOSED OF WATER AND VERY LITTLE ELSE.
IT WAS AS IF THE OCEAN HAD DECIDED TO CREATE LIFE WITHOUT GOING THROUGH ALL THAT TEDIOUS BUSINESS OF EVOLUTION...
...AND HAD SIMPLY FORMED A PART OF ITSELF INTO A BIPED AND SENT IT WALKING SQUISHILY UP THE BEACH.

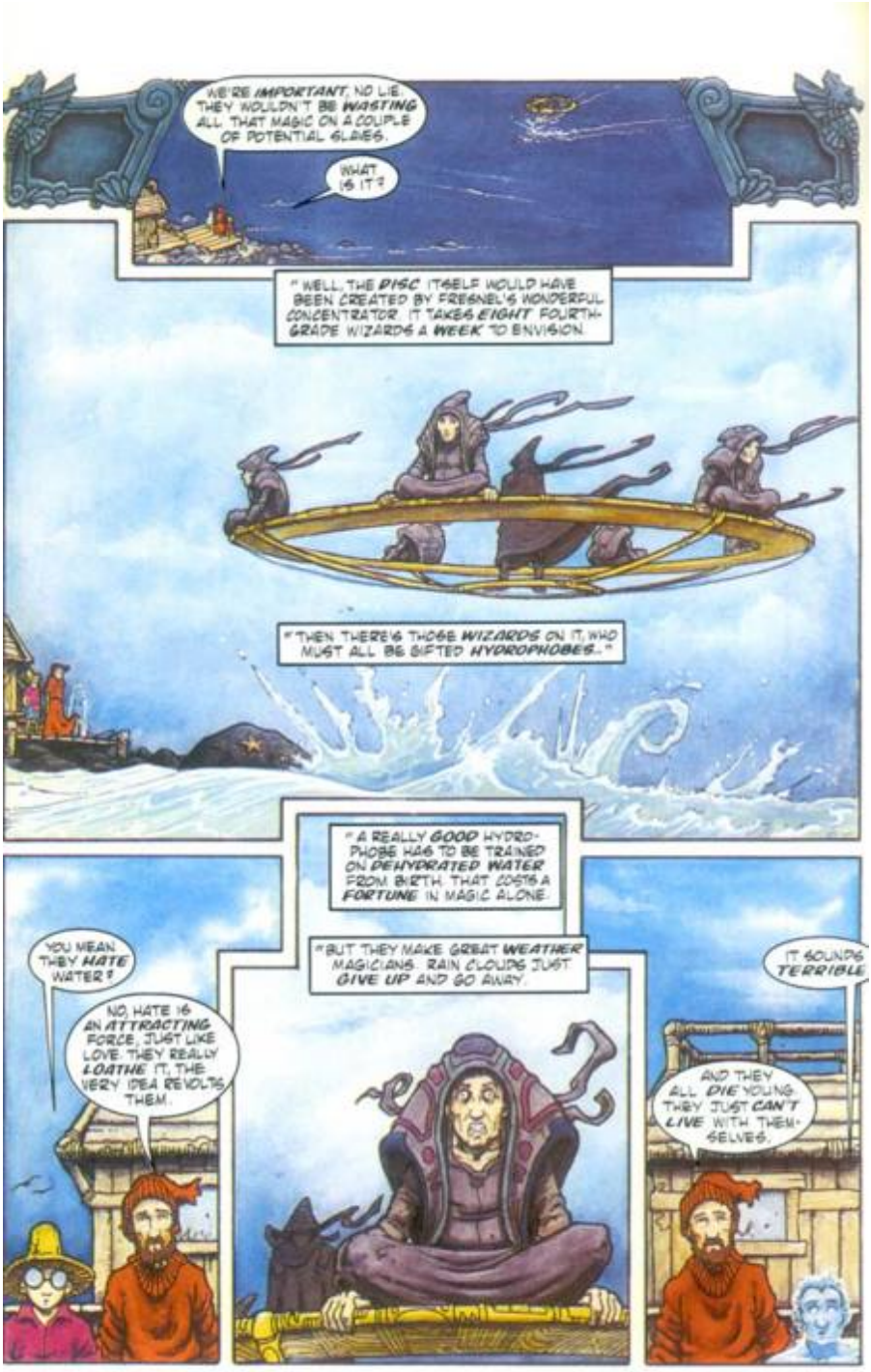
UH. REALLY NICE PLACE YOU'VE GOT HERE.
ETHNIC.
ALL THINGS DRIFT INTO THE CIRCUMFENCE IN TIME. MY JOB IS TO RECOVER THE FLOTSAM. TIMBER, SHIPS, BARRELS OF WINE. BALES OF CLOTH.
YOU.
THE CIRCUMFENCE IS A NET, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE GOT A NET RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA!
AMAZING! YOU COULD SINK PILES AND ATTACH IT TO REEFS. IT COULD EXTEND FOR MILES!
TEN THOUSANDS OF MILES. I JUST PATROL THIS LEAGUE. THE KINGDOM OF KRULL CONSTRUCTED IT CENTURIES BEFORE.
THE SALVAGE HAS ALLOWED KRULL TO BECOME A LAND OF LEISURE RULED BY THE MOST LEARNED SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE.
SAILORS MAROONED ON THE CIRCUMFENCE ARE MADE SLAVES, AND USUALLY HAVE THEIR TONGUES CUT OUT.
FORCE IS FUTILE. ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. YOU MIGHT LEAP OVER THE EDGE, BUT MUTENESS HAS NO MERIT IN COMPARISON TO DEATH.
NOTHING PERSONAL. I TOO AM A SLAVE. IF YOU TRY TO OVERPOWER ME, I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU. BUT I WON'T TAKE ANY PARTICULAR PLEASURE IN IT.

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND. I AM A CITIZEN OF THE GOLDEN EMPIRE. I'M SURE KRULL WOULD NOT WISH TO INCUR THE DISPLEASURE OF THE EMPEROR.
HOW WILL THE EMPEROR KNOW? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON FROM THE EMPIRE WHO HAS ENDED UP ON THE CIRCUMFENCE?
I WON'T BE A SLAVE! I'D-- I'D JUMP OVER THE EDGE FIRST!
WOULD YOU THOUGH?
STOP SQUEALING OR I REALLY WILL THROW YOU OVER THE EDGE.
NO. LOOK.
SHALL I LET GO?
GNAH.

I HAVE LIVED HERE ON THE EDGE FOR FIVE YEARS AND I HAVE NOT HAD THE COURAGE.
FANTASTIC. IF ONLY I HAD MY PICTURE BOX.
AMAZING. THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER WORLDS OUT THERE?
QUITE A NUMBER, I IMAGINE.
I SUPPOSE ONE COULD CONTRIVE SOME SORT OF, I DON'T KNOW, SOME SORT OF THING THAT COULD PRESERVE ONE AGAINST THE COLD...
...SOME SORT OF SHIP THAT WOULD SAIL OVER THE EDGE AND TO FAR-OFF WORLDS...
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!
THEY ALL TALK LIKE THAT IN KRULL.
THOSE WITH TONGUES, OF COURSE.

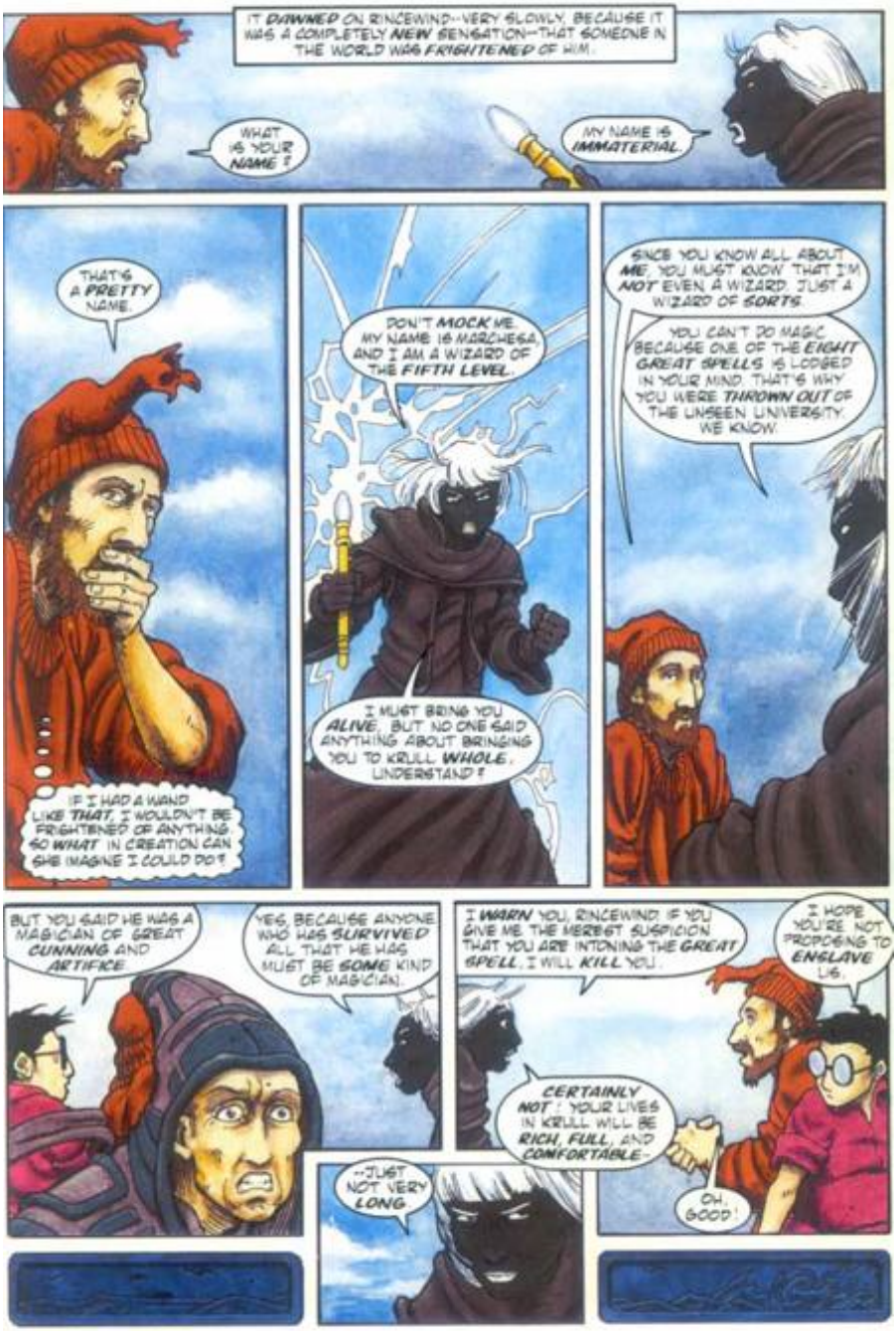
ARE YOU AWAKE!
I SAID, ARE YOU AWAKE? IT'S NEARLY DAWN, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE SALVAGE FLEET COMES!
SCRDNGH
LOOK, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF WEAPONS AND STUFF IN HERE. WHEN TETHIS COMES BACK WE COULD OVERPOWER HIM.
THAT'S A BIT UNGRACIOUS, ISN'T IT?
TOUGH BUNS. THIS IS A ROUGH UNIVERSE.
UNNGGHH!
THUNK
WOULD HE LEAVE THAT SORT OF THING AROUND IF IT COULD HURT HIM?
SHHH! HE'S COMING!
SIGH. IT WOULDN'T HAVE HARMED ME, BUT NEVERTHELESS, I AM HURT. DEEPLY HURT.

VERY DEEPLY HURT.
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?
IT'S JUST THAT--
--COMPARED TO LAST NIGHT--
YOU'RE SO SMALL.
I SEE. PERSONAL REMARKS NOW. JUST BECAUSE I'M MADE OF WATER DOESN'T MEAN I'M MADE OF WOOD, YOU KNOW.
YOU'RE MADE OF DIRT, BUT I DIDN'T PASS COMMENT ON THINGS YOU CAN'T HELP, DID I?
I'M SORRY.
HUH?
I'M SUFFERING FROM CHRONIC TIDES.
DLING DLING DLING
DLING DLING DLING DLING DLLIINGG
YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN I THOUGHT. YOU'RE NOT TO WAIT FOR THE SALVAGE FLEET. YOU'RE TO BE COLLECTED BY A FLYER.
I HADN'T EVEN SENT A MESSAGE THAT YOU'RE HERE YET.


WE'RE IMPORTANT, NO LIE. THEY WOULDN'T BE WASTING ALL THAT MAGIC ON A COUPLE OF POTENTIAL SLAVES.
WHAT IS IT?
"WELL, THE DISC ITSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN CREATED BY FRESNEL'S WONDERFUL CONCENTRATOR. IT TAKES EIGHT FOURTH-GRADE WIZARDS A WEEK TO ENVISION.
"THEN THERE'S THOSE WIZARDS ON IT, WHO MUST ALL BE GIFTED HYDROPHOBES..."
"A REALLY GOOD HYDROPHOBE HAS TO BE TRAINED ON DEHYDRATED WATER FROM BIRTH. THAT COSTS A FORTUNE IN MAGIC ALONE.
"BUT THEY MAKE GREAT WEATHER MAGICIANS. RAIN CLOUDS JUST GIVE UP AND GO AWAY.
YOU MEAN THEY HATE WATER?
NO, HATE IS AN ATTRACTING FORCE, JUST LIKE LOVE. THEY REALLY LOATHE IT. THE VERY IDEA REVOLTS THEM.
IT SOUNDS TERRIBLE
AND THEY ALL DIE YOUNG. THEY JUST CAN'T LIVE WITH THEMSELVES.

YOU'D BETTER WADE OUT. IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THEM WAITING. IT HAS BEEN NICE TO MAKE YOUR AQUAINTANCE.
BOOKAMMM!!
WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, RINGWIND THE MAGICIAN. YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT CUNNING AND ARTIFICE. YOU LAUGH IN THE FACE OF DEATH.
YOUR AFFECTED AIR OF CRAVEN COWARDICE DOES NOT FOOL ME.
THAT'S SO. YOU DON'T THINK I'M AFRAID TO USE IT.
DON'T THINK YOU'RE AFRAID?
FOOLED ME.
I--UH, I SEE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME.
IF YOU MAKE THE MEREST SUGGESTION OF WEAVING A SPELL, YOU DIE.
ROSS

WELL, OFF AGAIN THEN.
DOESN'T ANYTHING WORRY YOU?
WE'RE STILL ALIVE, AREN'T WE? I EXPECT IT'S ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING AND WE'LL BE SENT HOME
AFTER WE'VE SEEN KRULL, OF COURSE. IT SOUNDS FASCINATING.
HAD EITHER OF THEM LOOKED DOWN AT THAT MOMENT, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN THE V-SHAPED WAVE SURGING DIRECTLY TOWARD TETHIS' ISLAND.
BUT THEY WEREN'T LOOKING.
EXCUSE ME...
I DON'T WANT TO USE THIS!
YOU DON'T?
WHAT IS IT ANYWAY?
AJANDURAH'S WAND OF UTTER NEGATIVITY. AND I WISH YOU'D STOP WAVING IT ABOUT. IT MIGHT GO OFF.
SHUT UP!


IT DAWNED ON RINCEWIND--VERY SLOWLY, BECAUSE IT WAS A COMPLETELY NEW SENSATION--THAT SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WAS FRIGHTENED OF HIM.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
MY NAME IS IMMATERIAL.
THAT'S A PRETTY NAME.
IF I HAD A WAND LIKE THAT, I WOULDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF ANYTHING. SO WHAT IN CREATION CAN SHE IMAGINE I COULD DO?
DON'T MOCK ME. MY NAME IS MARCHESA, AND I AM A WIZARD OF THE FIFTH LEVEL.
I MUST BRING YOU ALIVE, BUT NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BRINGING YOU TO KRULL WHOLE. UNDERSTAND?
SINCE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'M NOT EVEN A WIZARD. JUST A WIZARD OF SORTS.
YOU CAN'T DO MAGIC BECAUSE ONE OF THE EIGHT GREAT SPELLS IS LODGED IN YOUR MIND. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE THROWN OUT OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY. WE KNOW.
BUT YOU SAID HE WAS A MAGICIAN OF GREAT CUNNING AND ARTIFICE
YES, BECAUSE ANYONE WHO HAS SURVIVED ALL THAT HE HAS MUST BE SOME KIND OF MAGICIAN.
I WARN YOU, RINCEWIND! IF YOU GIVE ME THE MEREST SUSPICION THAT YOU ARE INTONING THE GREAT SPELL, I WILL KILL YOU.
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT PROPOSING TO ENSLAVE US.
CERTAINLY NOT! YOUR LIVES IN KRULL WILL BE RICH, FULL, AND COMFORTABLE--
OH, GOOD!
--JUST NOT VERY LONG

THIS IS A PRISON CELL?
WHAT IS--?
CANDIED SEA URCHIN...
A GREAT DELICACY
THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME.
ACTUALLY, THEY'RE RATHER GOOD. I THOUGHT YOU LIKED SEAFOOD.
YES, I THOUGHT I DID. WHAT'S THE WINE-- CRUSHED OCTOPUS EYEBALLS?
SEA GRAPE.
NOT BAD. A BIT SALTY.
SEA GRAPE IS A KIND OF SMALL JELLYFISH.
I REALLY SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF. WHY HAS YOUR FRIEND GONE THAT STRANGE COLOUR?
CULTURE SHOCK, I IMAGINE.
I AM SAHARTRA. I'M THE GUESTMASTER. IT IS MY PLEASANT TASK TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU STAY HERE IS DELIGHTFUL.

I THINK I MISSED SOMETHING ALONG THE WAY. FIRST WE WERE TOLD THAT WE WERE GOING TO BE SLAVES...
PLEASE, PLEASE— WE DO NOT WANT TO ENSLAVE YOU. BE REASSURED ON THAT POINT.
WELL, FINE.
YES, YOU WILL IN FACT BE SACRIFICED.
SACRIFICED!! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL US?!?
KILL? YES, OF COURSE. BUT DON'T WORRY. IT WILL BE COMPARATIVELY PAINLESS.
COMPARATIVELY? COMPARED TO WHAT?
OOOOFF!

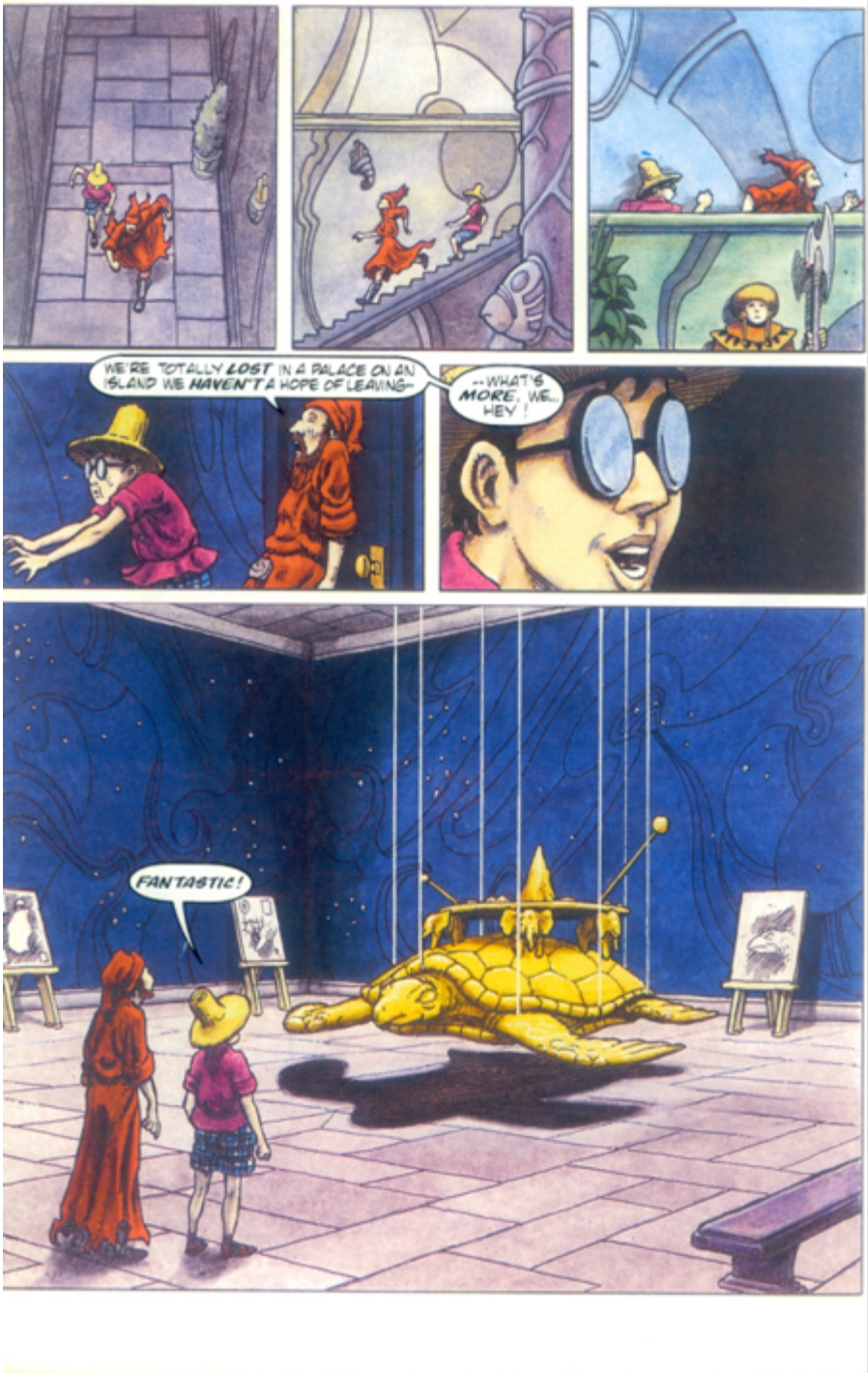
I DIDN'T ENJOY DOING THAT, YOU KNOW.
I COULD TELL.
BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SACRIFICE US FOR? YOU HARDLY KNOW US!
THAT'S RATHER THE POINT, ISN'T IT? IT'S NOT VERY GOOD MANNERS TO SACRIFICE A FRIEND. BESIDES, YOU WERE, UM, SPECIFIED.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE GOD IN QUESTION, BUT WE WAS QUITE CLEAR ON THAT POINT.
PLEASE MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, AND DON'T WORRY.
BUT YOU HAVEN'T ACTUALLY TOLD US ANYTHING!
HARDLY WORTH IT, WHAT WITH YOU BEING SACRIFICED IN THE MORNING.
SLEEP WELL.
COMPARATIVELY WELL, ANYWAY.
WANT A SEAWEED BISCUIT?

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.
WHEN ARE YOU COMING DOWN?
I DON'T KNOW. WE USED ATAVARR'S PERSONAL GRAVITATIONAL UPSET. UNTIL IT WEARS OFF, MY BODY IS CONVINCED THAT "DOWN" LIES 90 DEGREES TO THE NORMAL DIRECTION.
WHY DON'T YOU EVER WORRY! WE'RE GOING TO BE SACRIFICED IN THE MORNING, AND YOU JUST SIT THERE EATING BARNACLE CANAPES!
I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS IF WE KNOW WHY WE'RE GOING TO BE KILLED!
YOU'D LIKE TO, WOULD YOU?
DID YOU SAY THAT?
SAY WHAT?
YOU'RE HEARING THINGS.
IT'S HAPPENED AT LAST. I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND.
GOOD IDEA. IT'S PRETTY CROWDED IN HERE.
POP!

CAREFUL, YOU NEARLY SQUASHED ME
YOU
PUT ME DOWN AND STAND BACK.
REALLY AMAZING. A FROG MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO A FROG.
TURN AROUND.
Lovely
YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU SPEAK MY NAME I MUST DEPART. SURELY YOU RECALL THAT I AM THE ONE GODDESS WHO COMES ONLY WHEN NOT INVOKED.

UH, YES-- YOU'RE THE ONE THEY CALL THE LADY?
ARE YOU A GODDESS THEN? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET ONE!
YOUR FRIEND, THE WIZARD, SHOULD INTRODUCE US.
TWOFLOWER, THIS IS THE LADY. JUST THE LADY, RIGHT? NOTHING ELSE. DON'T TRY AND GIVE HER ANY OTHER NAME!
LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND IMPATIENT, BUT IN A FEW MINUTES SOME MEN ARE GOING TO TAKE US AWAY AND KILL US.
I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T TELL US WHY?
YES. THE KRULLIANS INTEND TO LAUNCH A BRONZE VESSEL OVER THE EDGE OF THE DISC.
THEIR PRIME PURPOSE IS TO LEARN THE SEX OF A TURN. THE WORLD TURTLE THEY INTEND TO LAUNCH THIS SHIP OF SPACE WITH TWO VOYAGERS ABOARD
IT WILL BE THE CULMINATION OF DECADES OF RESEARCH. IN ORDER TO REDUCE THE RISKS, THE ARCH-ASTRONOMER OF KRULL HAS BARGAINED WITH FATE--
--TO SACRIFICE TWO MEN AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCH. FATE, IN HIS TURN, HAS AGREED TO SMILE ON THE SPACE SHIP.
AND WE'RE THE SACRIFICES.
YES.

I THOUGHT FATE DIDN'T GO IN FOR BARGAINING. I THOUGHT FATE WAS IMPLACABLE.
NORMALLY, YES, BUT YOU TWO HAVE BEEN THORNS IN HIS SIDE FOR SOME TIME. HE SPECIFIED THAT THE SACRIFICES SHOULD BE YOU.
HE ALLOWED YOU TO ESCAPE FROM THE PIRATES. HE ALLOWED YOU TO DRIFT INTO THE CIRCUMFENCE. FATE CAN BE ONE MEAN GOD AT TIMES.
BUT YOU CAN HELP US?
YOU AMUSE ME. I HAVE A SENTIMENTAL STREAK. YOU'D KNOW THAT IF YOU WERE GAMBLERS.
FOR A WHILE I RODE IN A FROG'S MIND, AND YOU KINDLY RESCUED ME.
THE WHOLE MIND OF FATE IS BENT AGAINST YOU. ALL I CAN DO IS GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE.
JUST ONE SMALL CHANCE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU.
GOSH.
AH, YOU ARE READY, I SEE.
READY.
POP!
KKRRSSHH!

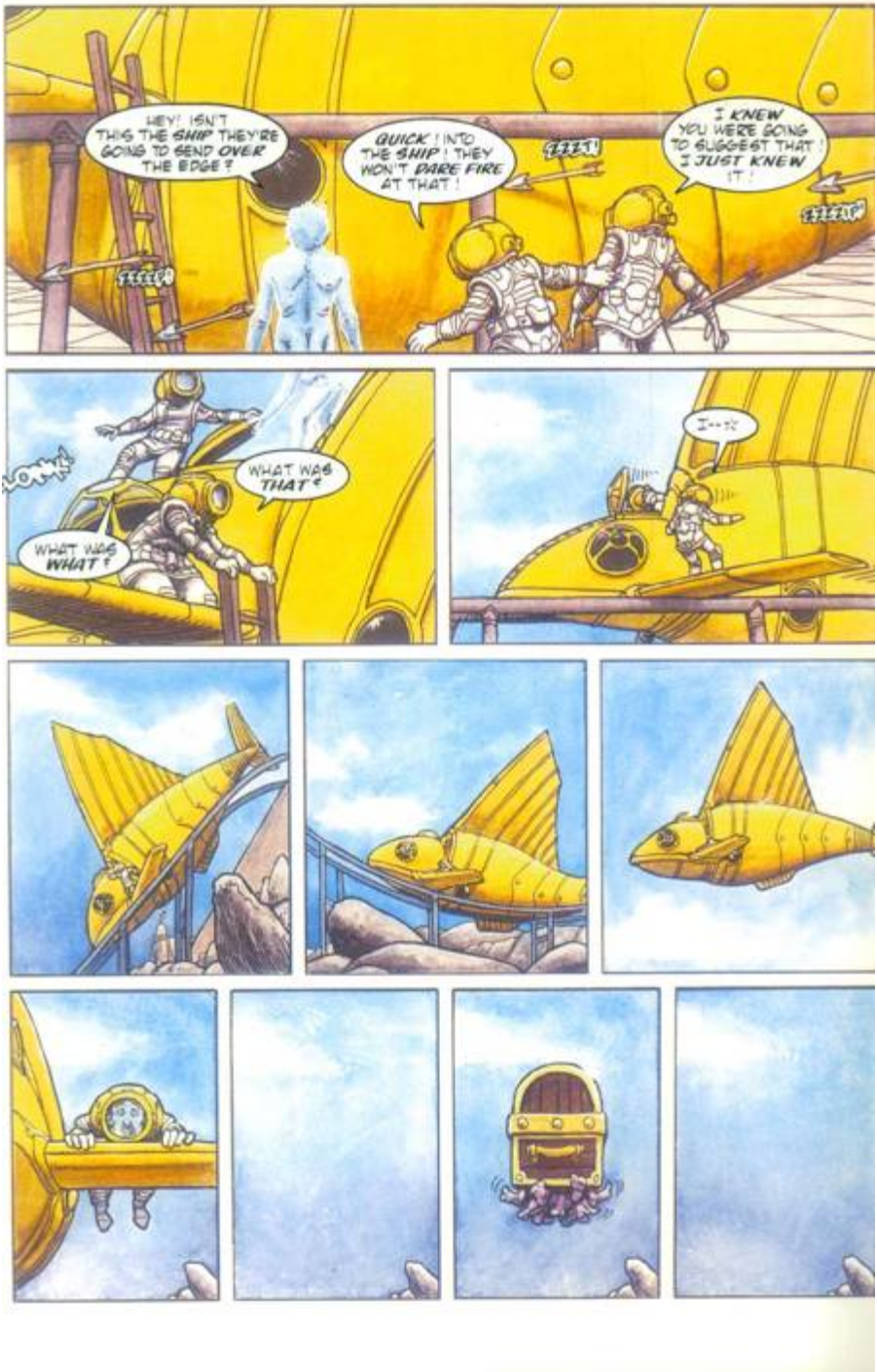

WE'RE TOTALLY LOST IN A PALACE ON AN ISLAND WE HAVEN'T A HOPE OF LEAVING--
--WHAT'S MORE, WE... HEY!
FANTASTIC!

HMMMM..
NO..
THE GODDESS SAID TWO MEN WERE GOING OVER THE EDGE-- THESE SUITS ARE SPACE ARMOUR!
I'M GOING TO LEAVE BECAUSE ANY SECOND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SUGGEST WE PUT ON--
THGE YU LATRUIN NGR UF 'GOOTEN B?
TONG!
THONG!
DON'T SAY IT. SOMEONE OUT THERE IS EXPECTING TWO GUYS TO COME OUT IN THE SUITS IN A MINUTE.
WE'D BETTER SUIT UP
AS SOON AS I SAW THE SUITS, I JUST KNEW I'D END UP WEARING ONE--I SUPPOSE BECAUSE IT WAS THE WORST POSSIBLE THING THAT WAS LIKELY TO HAPPEN

HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE?
THIRTY MINUTES, LORD AWCH ASTRONOMER. AFTER THAT, KRULL WILL HAVE REVOLVED AWAY FROM GREAT ATUIN'S TAIL.
I HAVE ALREADY SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, SO--
A MONSTER HAS COME OUT OF THE SEA AND IT'S ATTACKING THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR. NOT A BIG ONE, BUT EXCEPTIONALLY FIERCE, LORD.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THE LAUNCH MUST GO AHEAD WHEN THE WRETCHED PAIR ARE CAUGHT, I WILL TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE IN EXECUTING THEM, MYSELF.
YES, LORD. ER...
HMMM...
SOMETHING'S WRONG. HEROES WALK A CERTAIN WAY. THEY CERTAINLY DON'T WADDLE.
--HUH?

KRASH!!!
MAGICIANS! WHERE ARE MY MAGICIANS!!!

WELL, THERE GOES THE LUGGAGE.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT. SAPIENT PEARWOOD IS TOTALLY IMPERVIOUS TO ALL FORMS OF MAGIC.
IT'S BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE. WHEN YOU DIE, YOU'LL AT LEAST HAVE CLEAN SOCKS IN THE AFTER-LIFE. LET'S GO!
WHAT ABOUT THE LUGGAGE?
DON'T WORRY. WHEN THE STORM HAS USED UP ALL THE FREE MAGIC IN THE VICINITY, IT'LL JUST DIE OUT.
NOT A MARK ON IT.
THE WHOLE BOX IS FULL OF WATER!
YOU TWO I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED


HEY! ISN'T THIS THE SHIP THEY'RE GOING TO SEND OVER THE EDGE?
QUICK! INTO THE SHIP! THEY WON'T DARE FIRE AT THAT!
ZZZT!
I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SUGGEST THAT! I JUST KNEW IT!
ZZZZT!
ZZZZT!
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHAT WAS WHAT?
I--?

OOOO.. SURELY HADES ISN'T THIS UNCOMFORTABLE. IF THIS IS HADES, IT SURE IS HELL..
HANG ON A MINUTE...
TREE. DRIPPING WET COLD WHITE CLOUD ALL AROUND. UNDERNEATH TOO. ODD.
I HAVE COME FOR THEE.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DIE OF?
PARDON?
WELL, I HAVEN'T BROKEN ANYTHING. I HAVEN'T DROWNED.. YOU CAN'T JUST BE KILLED BY DEATH-- THERE HAS TO BE A REASON.
DEATH COULDN'T COME. THERE'S A BIG PLAGUE IN PSEUDOPOLIS HE SENT ME.
I'M MAKING RATHER A MESS OF THIS, AREN'T I?
YOU'RE NOT DEATH! WHO ARE YOU?
SCROFULA.
THIS WAS GOING TO BE MY BIG CHANCE WHO'D KNOW?
I'D KNOW! NOW PISS OFF!
NO ONE DIES OF SCROFULA! I'VE GOT RIGHTS! I'M A WIZARD!
BELOW, THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TWINKLED AT RINCEWIND. THE WHOLE OF CREATION WAS WAITING FOR HIM TO DROP IN.
THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ALTERNATIVE.

The End

PDF Version of The Colour Of Magic By

N1codemus